

The American  
**Legion**  
Magazine Mar. 1948



What's Happening  
to Our  
Merchant Marine





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Opening a bottle of Schlitz is like opening a familiar and well-loved book. You know it holds enjoyment you can depend upon... that each and every time you'll find the same touch of genius... the same quality of greatness. Through the story of this fine beer runs the classic theme of ideals upheld for almost a hundred years... the historic background for that matchless flavor which makes men say, “No wonder it made Milwaukee famous!”

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The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous





### Idea With A Heart

When the Alabama legislature abolished the use of tax tokens last October the American Legion rolled up its sleeves.

Arthur Greenwood, a prominent Birmingham restaurant owner and faithful Legionnaire, fostered the idea of collecting the defunct metal and plastic discs and putting them to good use. He and State Commander Jimmie Lane were in agreement that the money for redemption should be turned over to the Crippled Children's Clinic in Birmingham.

Over one hundred Posts sprang into action when an appeal was issued throughout the state. In the week following, a continual stream of tokens poured into boxes in theater lobbies, into barrels on street corners. School children were asked to bring tokens from home. Newsboys conveniently made a house-to-house canvass. Boy and Girl Scouts, armed with explanatory letters of the drive, besieged merchants, who were most cooperative in contributing to the cause.

Warm hearted citizens without tokens liberally dropped silver and pennies into collection containers.

Of the possible \$400,000 available for redeeming the tokens, the American Legion will collect more than \$15,000 which will be donated to the clinic.

Although the collections in smaller towns were nominal—\$50 to \$250—the larger cities gathered tokens by the barrelful. Birmingham proper gleaned more than 25 barrels. This represents a net figure of more than \$8,000 from one locality! Montgomery sent in \$1,550 worth.

This spur-of-the-moment undertaking marks another successful effort of the Legion to seize a valuable opportunity to aid those in need. One Legionnaire summed up the situation in a simple statement: "It might have taken years to obtain an appropriation for the Clinic—and that Clinic is for any child whose parents can't afford to foot a doctor bill!"

—By Earl F. Kenamer

he's going places...  
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**TUNE IN . . . TWO NETWORK SHOWS!** "The Adventures of Sam Spade" Sun. evenings, CBS Network; "King Cole Trio Time" Sat. afternoons, NBC Network.



The American  
**Legion** No. 3  
Vol. 44  
Magazine March 1948



Please notify the Circulation Department, Publication Division, Post Office Box 1055, Indianapolis, Indiana, if you have changed your address. Be sure to give your 1948 membership card number and both your new and your old address.

WESTERN OFFICE • 333 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, 1, Illinois  
EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING • One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.  
EXECUTIVE AND ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES • Indianapolis 6, Indiana

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Postmaster: Please send notices on form 3578 and copies returned under labels form 3579 to 777 N. Meridian St., Indianapolis 6, Ind.

The American Legion Magazine is the official publication of The American Legion and is owned exclusively by The American Legion. Copyright 1948. Published monthly at 333 North Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Illinois. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of Oct. 3, 1917, authorized Jan. 5, 1925. Price, single copy, 15 cents; yearly subscription, \$1.25. Entered as second class matter Sept. 26, 1931, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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## *The first five years...*

... often set the pattern a marriage is to follow for life. And little attentions between husband and wife are no small part of its success, as any happy couple will agree.

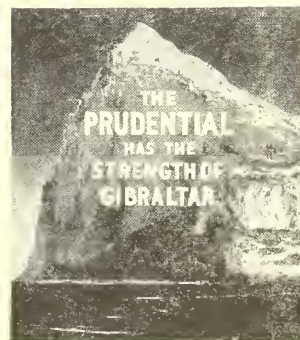
Those first five years are particularly important in establishing the *economic* side of the marriage pattern. Often they determine whether the future will be financially secure or insecure. That is the time to establish a program of family protection—a Prudential life insurance program planned to provide for wife and children if you should die, to cover education expenses and to take care of unforeseen emergencies. And a special

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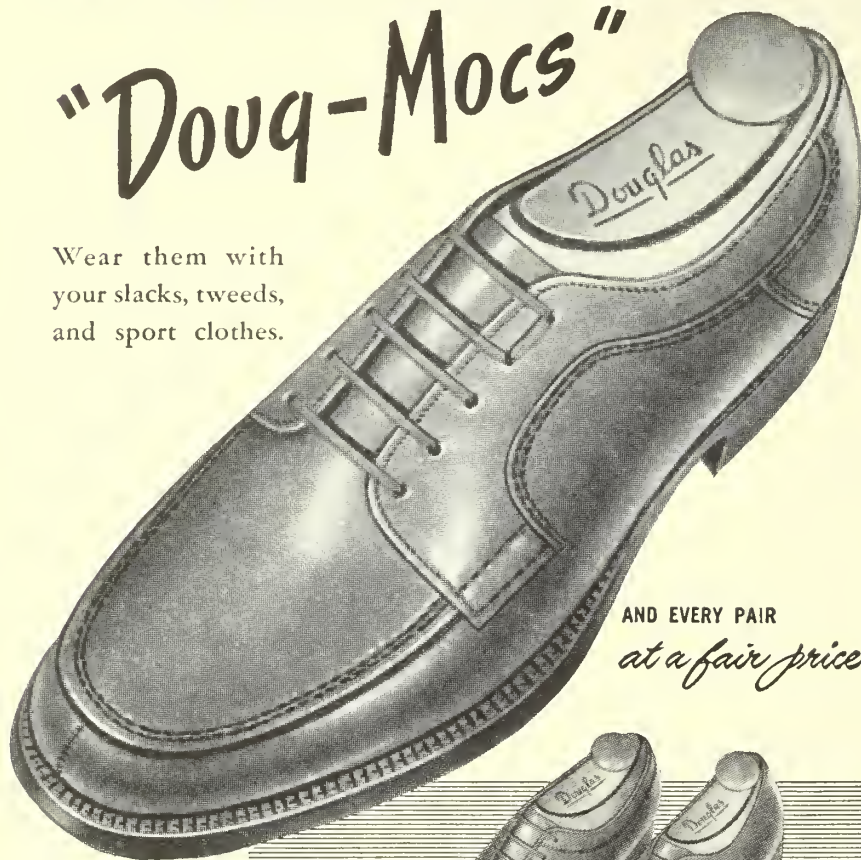
**THE FUTURE BELONGS TO THOSE WHO PREPARE FOR IT**



FOR THE SPORT LOVING MAN

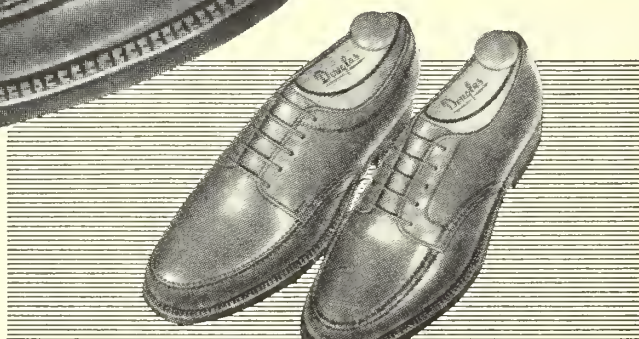
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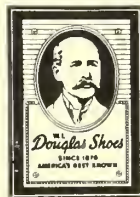
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## The Editors' Corner

### What Makes Sense In Housing?

The reaction of Legionnaires to Clarence Woodbury's article in the January issue, *Should Veterans Come First in Housing?* easily demonstrates that housing is still the hottest and most important aspect of servicemen's readjustment. Actually it is the one area where non-disabled veterans in great masses are not largely readjusted. In housing the veterans still stand apart from rest of the public as the only dispossessed group in the country, for they were away when the non-eviction laws were written. Veterans are behind the rest of the public in income, but they are not totally dispossessed of jobs as so many veterans are totally dispossessed of homes. In most of our other troubles the distinction between veterans and the public is not so clearly marked, except for that clearest of all distinctions possessed by disabled veterans. But the clear line that can be drawn between the rest of the public and veterans in the housing mess is one of the major reasons why the last Legion Convention felt that veterans housing should come ahead of public housing.

• While the majority of the many letters on the subject we have received from readers were favorable toward the Legion housing policy as it emerged from the last Convention, a large minority of them ranged in expression from dissatisfaction to out-and-out vituperation.

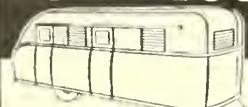
Our mail was the Convention all over again. The biggest storm brewed over the Taft-Ellender-Wagner Bill, just as it did in the Convention. And, just as at the Convention, the supporters of that bill were outnumbered by its opponents in our mail bag, but not by any margin that would let you feel that the Legion feels as one on the subject.

To refresh your memory, the TEW Bill proposes a big Federal housing project to house "veterans and others." The Legion Housing Committee favored many parts of the Bill but thought that as a whole it would hurt rather than help veterans, and so reported. Then, after a mighty brawl, the Convention voted that the Legion, nationally, oppose the bill.

• Although outvoted, a few Posts, particularly in big cities, were not convinced. Some of them have continued to press for the TEW Bill in Washington and in the Legion. They sent us hot letters. These carryings-on of separate Posts in the line of their own convictions against national policy should give Bill Mauldin cause to sit up. Bill says the "old boys" rule the Legion with a heavy hand and stifle local initiative. So far nobody has spanked the "rebel Posts" and nobody will, for as long as they don't claim to represent national policy they are entirely within their rights to carry on the fight along the lines of their own beliefs. There's life in the old mare yet, Bill.

• Speaking as one Legionnaire to another this columnist hopes those Posts are as wise in their judgment as they are right in their action. We cannot see that a Federal effort in housing construction can be better than a community

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effort. The veterans housing problem exists in every community. Where one community will not tackle the problem itself, but turns to the Federal government for gifts, it seems to us that the supplicants are looking for money which the Federal government is to collect from other communities. Federal moneys are not yet evaporated from sea water. Just where this would leave the other communities we do not know. The final result would be something like the mad tea party where each new course was served by having everybody pass his plate to the left one time. Someone is going to pay the check and come away without a meal, and it might be most of us. Dutch treat would seem fairer, and each could order to his own taste.

• This columnist had the unpleasantly educative job a year ago of investigating a Federal building project. In terms of expediency alone it left something to be desired. In that case it was the veterans hospitals. Seventy-four of them were authorized by Congress five years ago. As we reported in last July's issue of this magazine in an article called *Where Are The Veterans Hospitals?* not one of the seventy-four was yet completed, and ground was only broken for eight of them. Five years from today we would hate to be grinding out another article called *Where Are The Veterans Homes?* simply because we all chose to wait for Uncle.

Possibly, with the war over, a speedier job could be done on a government housing project than was done on the hospitals, although the war has been over nearly three years and the hospitals aren't up yet. But that kind of action, where every community needs veterans housing, cannot compare to the job this nation could do if it would quit waiting for Sam and start to work right in the city hall. While housing is a national problem it is also local in every community. Unlike the control of a mighty river, which cannot be managed by each separate town, houses can be built more efficiently and much more speedily locally than they can by Federal government. They have been and are being built that way, but not widely enough.

In initiating and building a housing project there is nothing the Federal government can do better than a community, except by robbing Peter to pay Paul. The Federal government has legislated aids to veterans as individuals, wherever they are, and we want to see more of this, and see those aids policed so that they are not abused.

• There isn't much point in discussing here the other controversial aspects of the TEW Bill. At this writing it does not seem likely that the bill will become law, and there is no inclination here to quarrel with Legionnaires and other veterans over opposite opinions which seem honestly held. If the bill goes through we hope, but doubt, that we will be proved wrong in all our ideas about its inadequacy and possible damaging effect on the veterans.

• Some of our correspondents apparently didn't read all of Woodbury's article. They thought that the Legion rested its housing case on its opposition to the TEW Bill, and had nothing else to offer. Some of them were mad because the Legion opposed that bill but hadn't proposed a cure-all piece of legislation itself.

There isn't any cure-all, comrades. The housing mess is so tangled up with all our other  
(Continued on page 29)

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**TOUGH ON TALL TALE TELLERS...** As a check on the fisherman who insists that his catch was colossal, a new gadget called the Fisherman's De-Liar is coming on the market. It is a compact weighing scale with a folding hook and built-in flexible steel tape, being made by Dextor & Company, New York, to sell for \$2. The fish is attached to the hook and weighed, and the tape is pulled down to the fish's tail to determine its exact length.



**AID FOR AMPUTEES...** Designed especially to aid handicapped veterans in holding and manipulating tools is a "master collet chuck" devised by Michael Lux, machinist in the Clairton, Pa., works of Carnegie-Illinois Steel Corporation. Employing the principle of the collet and chuck, which by being contracted or expanded hold material being machined, the Lux device gives the user mobility, freedom and grip in using tools. Through intelligent use of attachments a disabled worker can turn out as much and as good work as any non-handicapped individual.

**FOR STOCK HOLDERS...** Guns made by the Savage Arms Corporation will soon have a "new look" because of that company's plan to use plastic stocks. The plastic to be used is Tenite, said to be tough, durable and resistant to mars and scratches. In appearance the plastic stock resembles expensive wood with unusual grain effects. It was tried in a few pre-war models.



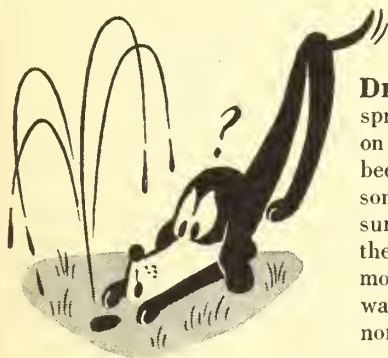
**BETTER DUCK...** A duck decoy almost 'live enough to be a sure-enough duck has been invented by Carroll J. Rulison, of Clay, N. Y. The wings flap up and down and the head swings from side to side. Light metal and wire mechanisms are housed inside the decoy. When the duck is anchored in position the movement of wind and water causes the wing-flapping and head-swinging. When the water is too quiet to provide motion the device may be operated manually by tugging at a line that can be fastened to the anchor swivels.



**BRICKLESS CHIMNEY...** A new light-weight chimney, developed primarily for use in veterans housing, is being made available by the Van-Packer Corporation of Chicago. It is tile-lined, capable of withstanding 2,000 degrees; the lining is surrounded with a 3-inch wall of insulating concrete, and this in turn is covered with a housing of conventional square design to suit architectural requirements. The chimney comes in sections two feet long with draw bands and joint cement for easy assembly. All parts for the complete chimney are sold as a "package" ready for immediate installation. The manufacturer says that four hours is sufficient to put up the chimney, and that the installed cost is usually 10 to 50 percent less than brick. The chimney has the approval of the Underwriters' Laboratories for use with furnaces burning any fuel.



**DIAL YOUR MOTOR SPEED...** A new type of electric motor whose speed can be smoothly regulated by the mere twist of a dial on the motor itself has been developed by the General Electric Company. The new motors are called "brush-shifting, adjustable-speed, alternating current motors" by engineers. Produced in ratings of from three to 200 horsepower, the motors are only slightly larger than constant speed motors of comparable rating. It is also possible to control the speed of the motors by remote control, using a flexible cable up to ten feet from the motor.



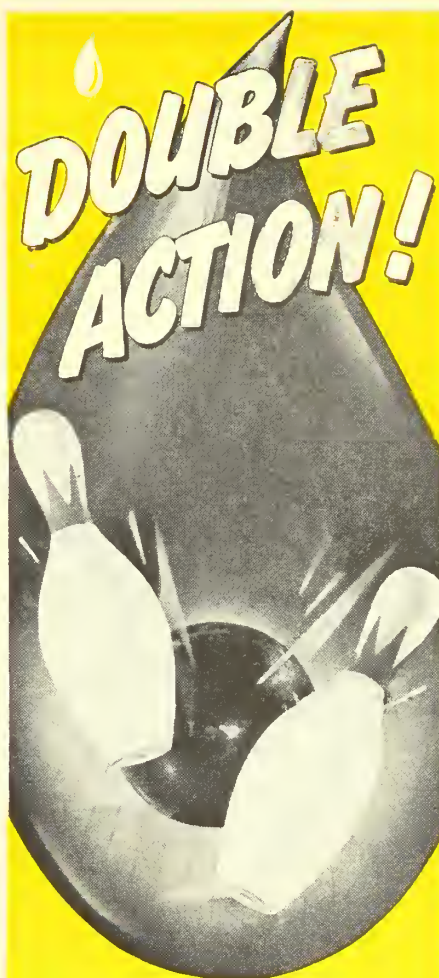
**DISAPPEARING LAWN SPRINKLER...** A lawn sprinkler which pops up when the water is turned on and goes underground when it isn't needed has been thought up by Rudolph E. Carlson, of Jacksonville, Fla. When the water is turned on the pressure lifts the inner portion of the head, permitting the water to enter vanes which apply a spinning motion and spray the adjacent area. When the water is turned off the sprinkler head returns to its normal position below ground.

**BUILT-IN ELECTRIC IRON...** Something new in luggage, a lady's suitcase with an electric iron ingeniously used as the carrying handle, has been patented by a WW2 veteran, Andrew Janosz, of Manchester, N. H. Called the Iro-case, it looks like a conventional suitcase with a large name plate under the handle. When the traveler wishes to use the iron, she merely turns a small knob inside the case which releases the handle, and the handle and name plate come out—an electric iron. The electric cord is carried, concealed, inside the case. The unit weighs no more than a conventional case of equal size, and it has a special heat-resistant covering which allows it to be used as an ironing board.

**MORE HEAT FROM ANTHRACITE...** A new kind of heating unit called the anthratube, which has delivered coal savings of 15 to 38 percent, will soon be available for home installation. The anthratube is a complete boiler-burner unit employing a revolutionary new coal-burning principle. It provides completely automatic heat at 80 percent efficiency or better, as against from 50 to 65 percent in conventional burners. A draft fan is employed which swirls hot flue gases against the heat-transmitting inner surfaces of the boiler, where ordinarily a film of cooler gas lies against these surfaces and interferes with the transfer of heat. Coal is fed to the unit by an Archimedes screw, and ashes are deposited in a sealed container in the base. Delivered as a completely assembled unit, the anthratube, according to the Anthracite Institute, can be erected in a home in about ten minutes exclusive of connections.



J. C. M.



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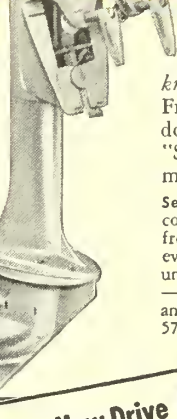
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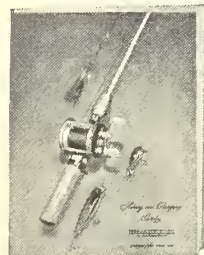
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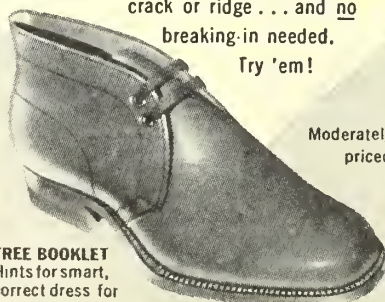
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## Sound Off!



Writers must give name and address. Name withheld if requested. Address: **Sound Off, The American Legion Magazine, One Park Avenue, New York 16, N.Y.**

### Housing Is Hot

Woodbury's article in January explains a lot about government housing projects. . . . Here most veterans commute over 100 miles a day and pay abortive prices for apartments like mine. . . . Fifty dollars a month living over a chicken hatchery. . . . Nearby is a government housing unit full of higher-salaried people. . . . I hope the Legion will shout its message — this message from the housetops. . . .

C. F. K.  
Florida

Congratulations on the write-up by Woodbury. . . . This time the Legion has really hit the nail on the head. . . . Let's get more houses for vets at a price the average vet can afford to pay.

WALTER S. KENTON  
Washington, D. C.

Woodbury's article . . . was about the clearest on the subject I ever read. . . . The words of Richard Vail, of California, "With this cap off—" showed a Legionnaire at heart. We need more men like Vail and more articles by Woodbury. . . .

LEHMAN ELLIOTT  
Wild Cherry, Arkansas

I was glad to know the Legion is really behind the veteran (in housing). I'd like to know what chance the veterans have in the small rural towns of getting in on this help. There are plenty of vets here that would be interested, but would the percentage in a town of 700 carry enough weight to put a program through? . . . We were "fortunate" in being able to rent a small house with no bathroom, one bedroom (we have a baby now), an unfinished basement, and with a landlord that will make no improvements or concessions because he can rent it under any condition. . . . I'd like to know more about the formation of a Veterans Home Loan Corporation. . . .

LEGIONNAIRE  
Killdeer, North Dakota

A Bill now before Congress, sponsored by the Legion, and known as the Veterans Homestead Act of 1948, would provide that any five or more veterans of WW2 could form a non-profit housing association, whose bonds would be government-guaranteed and tax-exempt, to build housing units for sale or rent to WW2 veterans or for occupation by themselves, provided that the cost of the housing does not exceed an average of \$10,000 per family unit, and subject to the approval of the VA.

No government gift, the deal would be self-



liquidating, and the VA would be supplied with funds to loan the capital. Mortgages could run for a maximum of 30 years.

Five veterans in Killdeer could raise up to \$50,000 for their units, three thousand veterans in a big city could float up to \$30,000,000 for a big unit of their own. Stipulations prevent selling out to non-veterans or at a profit for ten years. Each veteran of such an association would put up a minimum of \$100 of his own, recapturable in any amount still creditable to himself if the local plan failed to go through or if he dropped out of the association. The bill is not yet law. The Legion is pushing it. Tell your Senator to vote for S. 1759. Tell your Representative to vote for HR 4488. Under those titles the same bill is simultaneously before the Senate and the House.

The Legion-proposed Veterans Home Loan Corporation is another plan. Not yet in existence, it is not a building corporation but a mortgage-insurance plan to prevent veterans who get houses from being dispossessed in the event of financial crisis. EDITORS

### Applause and Corrections

I have just received my December magazine . . . what interests me most was the 24-page summary of rights and benefits. In fact I have brought the booklet to the office as it will help me to answer questions asked by veterans about their problems.

MRS. SALLY L. KEYES  
Amherst, Massachusetts

Under rights and benefits in the December number you state that a Georgia veteran gets his discharge papers recorded free. It is not so. I had my papers recorded and paid the fee of fifty cents.

W. F. DEAL  
Donovan, Georgia

The 1947 session of the Georgia Legislature amended the law to provide for free recording and indexing of WW2 service personnel. Perhaps Reader Deal had his discharge recorded before the law became effective. EDITORS

I have read with great interest your summary of veterans' rights and benefits. I desire, however, to call attention to one error that ought to be corrected, if possible. In the last paragraph of the summary relating to lost discharge certificates you say "an official attested copy of this record (recorded discharges) is acceptable for all purposes." A certified copy of a discharge is not acceptable for guaranty of a GI loan. The veteran must present his original discharge and the amount of the guaranty used must be stamped thereon.

JOHN C. RODMAN  
Washington, North Carolina

Legionnaire Rodman is right; the original discharge must be presented when obtaining a GI loan, and also to receive the WW2 service medals now being distributed through Army and Navy stations and veterans' organizations. Correct "all" to "most." EDITORS

Your very timely article on veterans' benefits was just what many ex-service personnel were waiting for. It is compact and interesting, as well as beneficial.

WILLIAM H. MCINTYRE  
Metropolitan Life Post  
New York, N. Y.

### Spam!

The magazine is read and enjoyed, but in January we were stopped cold by a full page advertisement of SPAM!!!! . . . Most of us had enough Spam . . . etc.

CHARLES LINANDER  
Spearfish, South Dakota

Spam is a trade name of a Hormel pressed meat, but GI's called all pressed meat Spam. We were stationed in New Guinea with a member of the Hormel family named Dick Umhoefer who swore the Hormel Company never supplied the services with one tin of Spam.

R. B. P.

(Also Spam letters from 15 others)

### \$100 PRIZE WINNER

A War Two vet whom we'll call Jimmy wouldn't join our Legion Post. The Legion Magazine said, "Get 'em and hold 'em," and it was my problem to "get him."

Like a bronco that refused to be broken he was deaf to my plea. Yes, he knew what the Legion had done for vets of both wars. He even admitted his attendance at school under the GI Bill was a product of Legion effort.

Then came the day. His brother was ill and needed a transfusion. His blood type differed from mine and that of his brother. Jimmy came to me for help. Together we went to my Post and found a willing blood donor for his brother.

Would he join? Not yet, but he was grateful.

Event two. A friend had paid an exorbitant fee as down payment for a house which was to be built. Months followed with promise after promise, but no house. Jimmy came to me. "Sure," I repeated, "We'll try to help." With the aid of one of the lawyers in our Post the real estate contractor was forced to return the fee to Jimmy's friend.

Jimmy was grateful, but again hesitated to join the Post.

One day later he unexpectedly came to Post quarters and before I could greet him he began, "Look here. Your Post has helped my brother and my friend, but did nothing for me personally."

"That's right," I answered. "If you want to help others, why not join up with us?"

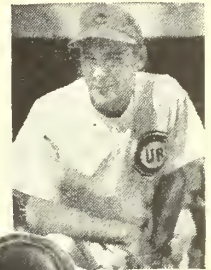
"Help others," he mused. "I never saw it that way."

Then he reached for his hip pocket and produced a wallet. "Here's my dues. I'm learning the meaning of mutual helpfulness."

JOSEPH R. LEBOW  
Captain Belvidere Brooks Post 450  
New York

The American Legion Magazine will continue to pay \$100 each month for the most interesting letter—no more than 150 words please! Simply address your letter to Sound Off Editor, The American Legion Magazine, 1 Park Avenue, New York 16, New York. Letters cannot be acknowledged.

## Phil Cavarretta says: *My Ball Hawk* tops 'em all!



Phil Cavarretta  
famous Chicago Cubs star



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and 2,231,204



Three-for-five  
finger-construction

## The Glove of the Stars!

They're all talking about the Wilson Ball Hawk, the sweetest fielding glove in the game. Popular among major and minor league players alike. They like the revolutionary 3-finger construction and the extra wide web area with the deep, natural pocket. It's available in various sizes and price ranges. See this sensational glove at your nearest Wilson dealer. Wilson Sporting Goods Co., Chicago, New York and other leading cities. (A Wilson & Co., Inc. subsidiary)

**Wilson**  
the LAST WORD in Baseball Equipment



IT'S WILSON TODAY IN SPORTS EQUIPMENT





## ***“THE BEST IS YET TO BE”***

The telephone will be seventy-two years old this year. Its development within a single lifetime has been a modern miracle. Yet it is only the beginning.

There are any number of men and women in the telephone business today — some just starting out — who will see greater progress than the past has ever known.

Year by year the next half century will be increasingly theirs. New leaders will appear from among them. Step by step, rung by rung, they will mount the ladder to the top. For telephone management is employee management and comes up from the ranks.

There will be more good jobs in the telephone business in 1958 and 1998 than now. It just

can't help being that way. For of all the trades and professions there are few more interesting and necessary.

So the future is bright for those who work for the telephone company, for those who use the telephone and for those who have faith in its growth and development. “The best is yet to be.”

**BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**





# Our Disappearing Merchant Fleet

After World War I we neglected our merchant marine.

This neglect cost thousands of lives and hundreds of millions of dollars in World War II. Today we are repeating the very same errors we made after 1918

By **DONALD E. ROBINSON**

**F**IVE MEN WITH SOLEMN faces filed into the White House recently and laid on President Truman's desk a report warning the United States of danger.

The five men, four of whom were outstanding industrialists and the fifth a distinguished Navy admiral, had just completed an official investigation into the maritime industries. On the basis of their findings, they informed the Chief Executive that the present condition of the American merchant marine is not only injurious to the nation's postwar economy but actually represents

a threat to the country's security.

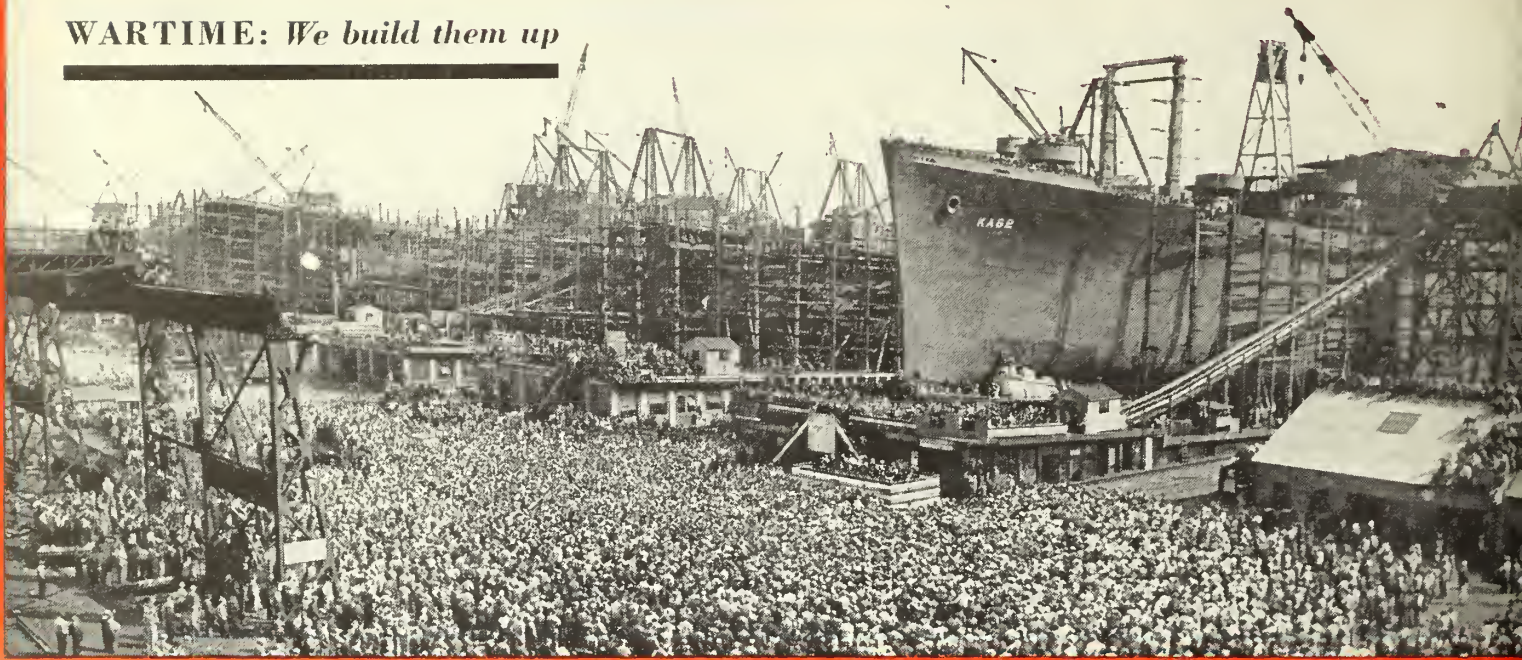
These men comprised the President's Advisory Committee on the Merchant Marine. For eight months they had been studying every aspect of the maritime situation. They had conferred with ranking Army and Navy strategists, with officials of the Maritime Commission, with authorities in the ship-operation and shipbuilding fields. What they learned worried them. It was this:

In peacetime, an adequate, well-balanced merchant marine, backed up by an effective and progressive shipbuilding





## WARTIME: *We build them up*



industry, is essential to American prosperity. In ease of war, it will mean the difference between national life and death.

Today, however, the United States does not have an adequate merchant marine. As for our once vaunted ship-building industry, it no longer exists.

Already America's share of sea-borne commerce has sagged sharply because of the unbalanced state of our merchant fleet. United States vessels were carrying 65 percent of the world's sea-going trade on V-J Day. Now they are bearing less than 50 percent of it. They are carrying less than 18 percent of sea-going passengers.

If this decline continues, the experts say it will spell disaster for American shippers. It will leave them without any voice in the determination of shipping rates and routes.

More than trade is at stake, though. The country's security is involved.

"If the United States is again attacked and if it expects to ward off that attack and turn it against the aggressor," states Chairman W. W. Smith of the U. S. Maritime Commission, "it will have to be ready not only with the men, weapons and ships of an army and navy, but with the ships and trained men of a merchant marine to carry the people and goods of war wherever they are needed. It will also have to be prepared to build

ships and to service and repair them."

Nothing is more secret than the Army and Navy plans for the use of shipping in any future war. This is known, however. The Joint Chiefs of Staff estimate that the Armed Services will need a minimum of 1,350 modern, high-speed ships on M-Day plus 30, and at least 5,000 ships by 24 months after M-Day.

The Joint Chiefs believe that the total

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Every year since it was founded The American Legion has battled to provide the United States with a strong merchant fleet as a component of the national defense. For details of the Legion's current stand on this vital matter, see page 36

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demands of the Armed Forces for merchant shipping in a third world war will exceed 90,000,000 dead-weight tons.

Right now, as the President's Committee discovered, the United States has only 38,178,400 deadweight tons of shipping, and much of that, in the opinion of experts, is unsuited for either peaceful commerce or wartime service.

The country came out of the last war with 4,800 ships, but more than 1,000 of them have been sold or given to foreign nations. Today our merchant fleet numbers only 3,671 vessels and is badly

out of balance with national needs.

The most critical shortage is in passenger liners, capable of conversion to troop transports in an emergency. Of the 91 American passenger liners, 53 are permanently anchored for failure to meet Coast Guard safety regulations. Just 36, with an over-all carrying capacity of 8,333, are in operation. Only one, the S.S. America, can be rated a first-class liner.

Almost half our present fleet consists of Liberties, 1,739 of them. According to Secretary of National Defense James Forrestal, they are all slow and inefficient. They were, to begin with, he declares, "Makeshift jobs, using practically any kind of propulsion power." Although many of them have done yeoman work in moving relief supplies to Europe, once that non-commercial load is out of the way, it is questionable whether they will be able to buck the competition of fast foreign freighters.

Some experts do believe that the Liberties can be employed for transporting bulk cargoes like grain and coal. The consensus of maritime thought, though, is that service as tramp steamers is the most that can be hoped for them in peacetime. In a war, they could constitute a fleet reserve, but little more. Their 11 knot speed decreases to six knots in convoy, so slow as to make their use virtually suicidal.



## TODAY: *We tear them down*



The 429 Victory ships, the 357 C-type freighters and the 744 tankers in our fleet are fine vessels, good for trade or for military purposes. However, all these ships were built at approximately the same time. That means they will become obsolete at the same time. (The life of a ship is 20 years.) Unless steps are taken to replace them as they grow older, America will find itself without any good ships. It is this that has Washington troubled.

Washington is even more disturbed about the condition of our ship-building industry. At an hour when practically every foreign shipyard is working at full capacity, American shipyards are being drastically curtailed, shut down or dismantled.

Great Britain has embarked on a program to construct 430 ships. Holland has 85 ships under way and Sweden 68. Vanquished Italy is building 83 vessels. Soviet Russia has launched a full-speed drive to turn out 6,000,000 tons of shipping. In America, though, shipbuilding has dwindled to a point approaching complete cessation.

Except for one large sea-going hopper dredge ordered by the United States Army Engineers in July, 1947, and four small cargo ships for Argentine, existing contracts for the construction of vessels in American shipyards will have been completed within a few weeks.

"The great system of 72 shipyards in which the U. S. Maritime Commission invested \$600,000,000 and in which a maximum of 300,000 persons worked during the war has virtually disappeared," says Chairman Smith.

Huge shipyards like Bethlehem-Fair-



**Our share of sea-borne commerce has sagged sharply in the past two years**

field near Baltimore, where once 40,000 worked, the California Shipbuilding Corp. in Galveston, Texas, and MacEvoy Shipbuilding Corp. at Savannah, Ga., have been scrapped. More than 16

others have been turned over to the War Assets Administration for similar treatment. Employment in private shipyards at one time in the neighborhood of 1,700,000 was down near 65,000 at the end of 1947 and continuing to shrink.

At Bethlehem's Fore River Yard, loftsmen with 20 years' seniority, welders with 16 and drillers with 12 have been laid off. The Federal Shipbuilding and Drydock Co. has laid off plateshop workers with 23 years' experience behind them and machinists with 17.

Such skilled craftsmen are quitting the field and seeking jobs elsewhere. And they cannot be replaced! Not long ago, the Maryland Drydock Co. was the successful bidder on some repair projects and tried to rehire the 1,700 men it had laid off. The company scoured Baltimore but it could not get back its old employees. Nor were other experienced workers available.

"The adverse effect of this condition on our productive efficiency," the company declares, "is hard to exaggerate."

What this sums up to, the experts state, are vivid indications that a new M-Day will trap the United States without the ships to move troops and arms and without the facilities and workers to construct those ships.

The 18 years of neglect that our merchant fleet suffered following World War I cost us (Continued on page 34)





# Brush-Off

CINDY WAS SITTING at the kitchen table, peeling apples, facing the back door, when the wall telephone rang. Clem had just come up on the back porch to get the milk pail, and he looked in, his bleached eyes questioning. Cindy nodded and Clem shambled over to the telephone and stooped there, one bony arm and big-knuckled hand dangling.

"Yes, ma'am," he said, in his colorless drawl, "this is Clem. No, ma'am, she can't answer the phone." The receiver murmured for a time. "Yes, ma'am, I'll tell her. Thank you, Mis' Thurlow."

He hung up and turned to Cindy. His glance traveled over her bare legs and faded cotton dress and came to rest, without expression, upon her face. "It was Mis' Thurlow," he said. "She said to tell you Mistuh Bill Strand just came by, heading this away. He was crouched behind the fence-row, but she seen him."

Cindy put down the paring-knife slowly. It was still hot in the kitchen at sundown, but her flushed cheeks paled a little. Here it was, finally, after more than three years.

"And Mis' Thurlow's been talking to Mis' Ebberts, down at the village," Clem went on. "Mis' Ebberts says Mistuh Strand got off the train on the wrong side and took to the woods without talking to anybody. Looks like he aimed to surprise you, ma'am."

Cindy smoothed out her dress and tried to tuck in her hair. Oddly, with something like death impending, she was ashamed of the way she looked. It was trivial, but she couldn't help it. This would be Bill's last picture of her—in a cotton dress, not even wearing any lipstick, barefoot and drab as any hill woman.

It didn't really matter. All that mattered now was to speak her lines without faltering, with no clue to the aching months of rehearsal that had prepared her for it. Bill's last stubborn hope and pride must be destroyed utterly, and she must watch them die. There must be no outward hint that she, too, was dying inside. Above all, she mustn't weaken. *He* hadn't weakened, when the chips were down.

**Bill was badly wounded in the South Pacific, but the meeting with Cindy was even tougher**

**By ROBERT ORMOND CASE**

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVE ATTIE

Clem was watching her narrowly. He said, "You aim to tell Mistuh Strand the straight of it, don't you, ma'am? So he can make his own choice?"

"No," she said. "He didn't give me any choice. And the way he's come back—avoiding everybody like this—makes it just a little easier. He'll leave without talking to anybody, if we manage it right. He'll never know . . . Don't you see, Clem?"

"I see what you mean, ma'am. But—"

Aunt Deb's fretful voice came from the bedroom. "Who's there? Who's doing all that talking?"

"Just Clem and I," Cindy soothed. She motioned Clem to shut the door into the bedroom. He did so, moving quietly for all his awkwardness, and came back beside her.

She patted his arm. "Please, Clem. You've stood by me from the first, bless your heart. This is the biggest chore I've asked you to do. You'll back me up to the end, won't you? If it's the way I want it?"

Clem nodded. "Putting it thataway—yes, ma'am. But I keepin' thinking you might be mistaken about how Mistuh Strand—"

"Hush!" She gripped the sleeve of his shirt, listening. There was no sound yet from the motionless orchard. "Go down to the barn," she whispered. "After he gets here, come into the open, where he can see you, but don't come up till he's gone. He probably won't ask you—he's too proud—but if he does, tell him we've been married over a year. Understand?"

A flush rose up over Clem's bony face and into the roots of his shaggy, tawny hair; but he nodded. "Yes, ma'am." (*Continued on page 32*)

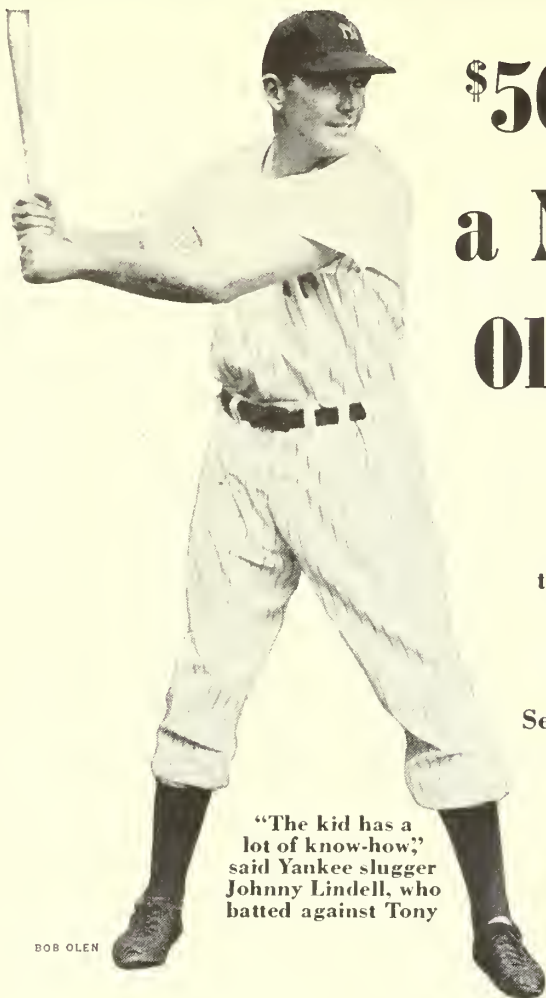






Hoping that the ordeal would soon be over, Cindy picked up the paring knife, bowed her head and resumed peeling





"The kid has a lot of know-how," said Yankee slugger Johnny Lindell, who batted against Tony

BOB OLEN

# \$50,000 For a Nine Year Old Pitcher

Two big league clubs say  
they'll outbid each other for  
southpaw Tony Baker. The  
Senators have the inside track

By ERNEST L. BARCELLA

CLARK GRIFFITH ACTED like the man who lost a small fortune and found a bigger one. He didn't know whether to grieve or cheer.

The Old Fox of baseball sighed as the persistent rain drummed a dirge on the steamy window panes of his second-floor office. The downpour had wiped out the big opening game of the 1947 season between Griff's Washington Senators and the New York Yankees, sent President Truman back to the White House disappointed and—most agonizing of all for Griffith—had washed a \$50,000 gate down the drain. Griff mentally calculated the loss, bit the tip off another cheroot and reached across his old mahogany desk for a light. Out of the furrowed corners of his eyes, he caught a glimpse of the color-photo that sat arm's length away. His frown faded. Now he beamed as if he'd found the jackpot at the end of the rainbow. And the way he talked, you'd think he really had.

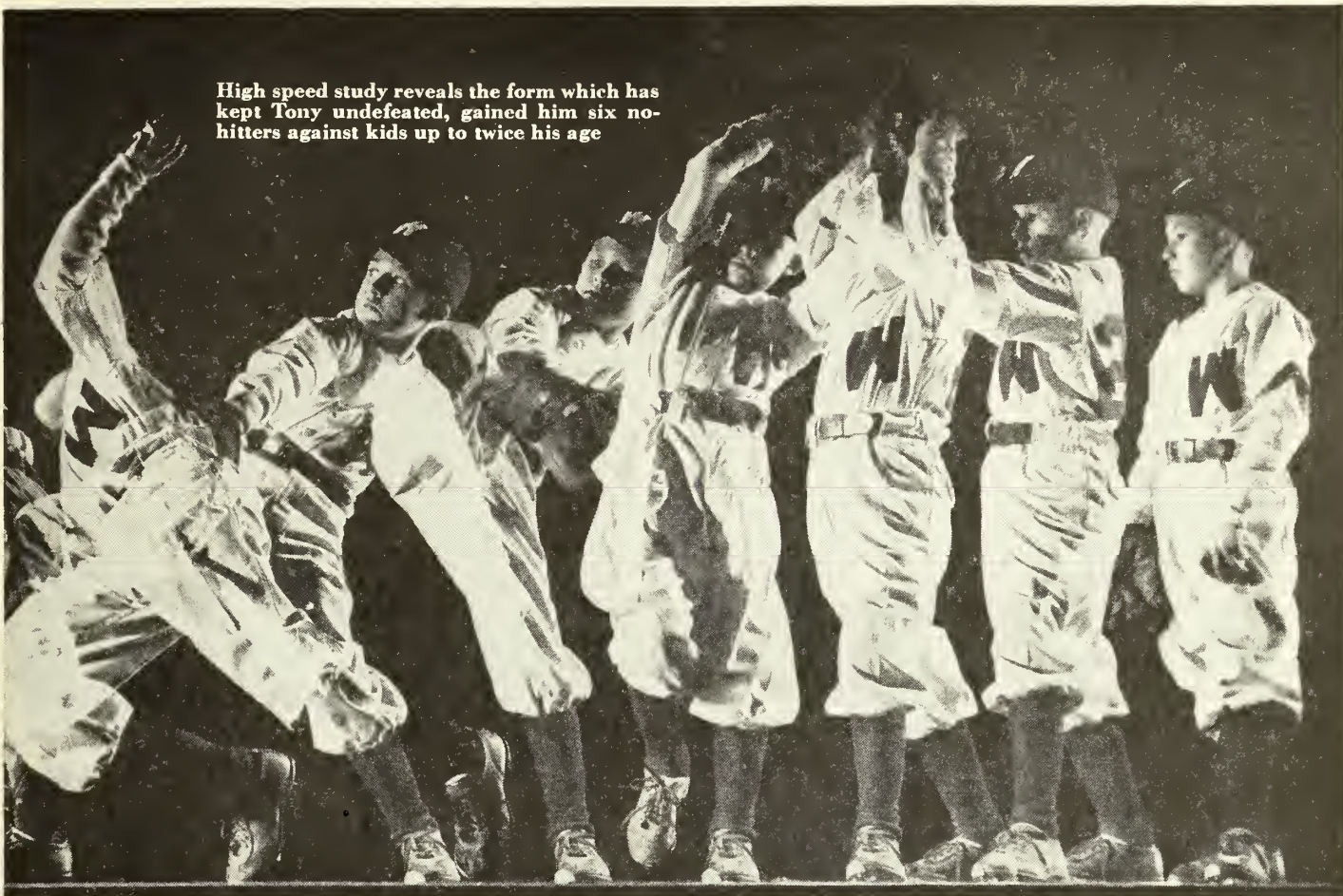


Tony today. At three months his Dad, Legionnaire Caldwell Baker, propped him on a pillow, rolled balls at him





High speed study reveals the form which has kept Tony undefeated, gained him six no-hitters against kids up to twice his age



PAUL NODLER

"There," he said, nodding at the photograph, "is a lad who has all the makings of a great pitcher. If he takes good care of his arm he can be as good as the best I've ever seen. And in my time, I've seen just about all the greatest pitchers in baseball. The kid's got a fortune in that left arm. Looks like he will be my opening day pitcher in 1957. Name's Tony Baker."

Of course, Tony, alias the "Little Train," will have to do considerable growing up—physically, that is—before 1957. You see, he's only nine years old now. But don't let that fool you. For if ever baseball possessed a child prodigy, Anthony Caldwell Baker is the game's potential million-dollar baby. In the past two years, the precocious little left-hander has pitched 50-odd games against neighborhood (Greenbelt, Maryland) teams with "big guys" as old as 17. He hasn't lost a game yet; hasn't allowed more than five hits in any one game or been touched for anything better than a two-bagger. He's thrown a half-dozen no-hitters and has rolled up so many strikeouts—20 in one of his most recent games—that they've lost count. He hits every bit as well as he pitches,

which makes him sound like another left-hander who got his start in Maryland—Babe Ruth. And, if you want chimes and whistles, the Kid has been scouted by seven big league clubs, has had offers from at least two of them and already has been signed up by a third.

This is not to say that Tony is ready to step out tomorrow, or even next year, and pitch major league or semi-pro ball. But he *has* pitched to big leaguers already.

Test Baker came last summer between games of a Yankee-Senator double-header at Griffith Stadium. Tony faced up against Johnny Lindell of the Yanks; Bingo Binks and Gil Coan, then with Washington and Nick Altrock, coach and funny man of the Senators.

Lindell was first up. Tony, cool as a popsicle and not much bigger, sized up his man.

With his gloved right hand, the Kid brushed back his brown cowlicks. With his left, scarcely big enough to cover a grapefruit seed, he gripped the official American League baseball at the seams. Then, looking for all the world like a miniature Hal Newhouser, Tony kicked his right foot high in the air and cut

loose with all the power in his 55-inch, 70-pound body.

"Strike one!" boomed American League Umpire Red Jones as the ball came bending across the plate. The next one was right down the slot, too. Then Lindell bounced one back to the mound where Tony scooped it up with all the fielding finesse of a Bobby Doerr and threw his man out. Coan went out the same way. So did Binks. Then up to the plate strode Altrock.

Tony, a nub out there in the middle of the diamond, took a hitch in his belt and wiped his pitching hand professionally across the blouse of his specially-made Washington uniform. The little guy's left arm rose and fell three times. Umpire Jones, right fist rose and fell three times. Altrock was out of there on three fancy curves.

The messrs. Lindell, Coan, Binks and Altrock were, of course, playing it deadpan. But Tony, believing for all the world that the major leaguers simply couldn't touch his stuff, walked jauntily to the dugout—as cool and cocky as if he'd just won the deciding world series game. The 32,000 fans thundered a mighty tribute (*Continued on page 36*)





Like so many others, Navy vet Skip O'Rourke could find nothing to rent and couldn't afford the houses offered for sale

# They Ganged Up To Get Homes

By **BOB RICHELSON**

**Fifty Larchmont veterans couldn't find homes. This is the story of how they got them, fighting obstacles all the way**

**Y**OUR MOTHER-IN-LAW may be one of the sweetest gals who ever steamed open a letter, but the chances are you're desperate to have living quarters of your own. On that score you've got plenty of company, buddy.

Persistency, a touch of the miraculous and a sizable bankroll can, on occasions, uncover an apartment for you. Of course this means dropping a few hundred of those hard-earned pesos in to the palm of some opportunity-minded "super." It also means outbidding all other home-seekers. But that's the chance you take when you try to rent.

There are plenty of opportunities to buy your own home, even though most new houses are small, poorly constructed, located somewhere in No Man's Land and priced at about double their actual value. Still, if you're desperate enough, you'll buy.

That's the housing situation as it stands today and that's how it was two years ago when a handful of World War II

veterans in Larchmont, New York, tired of living with in-laws or in crowded furnished rooms, decided to build their own homes. Today their brainstorm—known as the Larchmont Plan—has the blessing of many government and private building experts. It has been widely acclaimed by press and radio and is under consideration in several other communities.

It wasn't easy for the Larchmont boys. There were many obstacles to overcome and there were times when they almost junked their plan in the face of continued setbacks. They never did, and in that lies the story of their success—a story which they believe can be repeated successfully anywhere in the United States.

Officially their project is known as Elkan Park. Unofficially it's "Foxhole Acres," a name hung on it by one of the member wits. Elkan Park, or "Foxhole Acres," is a brick Colonial-style project of fifty attached dwellings grouped into twelve buildings covering five and one-half acres of rocky, shaded terrain. It was built by the New York construction firm of Sheppard-Pollak and designed by Gerald J. O'Reilly, a Larchmont architect. Both rendered their services at little more than cost.

Elkan Park isn't as you might suspect, a co-operative apartment scheme, but a venture in co-operative building and financing. Whereas a co-op apartment plan calls for all





Learning of the Larchmont project, Skip investigated. With his wife, Lou, he discusses model of project with Secretary-Treasurer Ben Brush and President John Merritt

tenants to shoulder the burden of a delinquent tenant, the Larchmont Plan provides that the bank take up the mortgage of a delinquent member.

A typical building consists of four attached dwellings. End houses, which have larger cellars and more property, consist of five rooms. Inside houses have less land, five rooms and an expansion attic that can be converted into an extra bedroom. Although attached, each house is private in every sense of the word, has its own gas heating system, cellar and garage and cost approximately \$11,800 to build.

Too much, you say? The group's officers say their plan can be applied to any price range desired. They say it does just as well for the \$5,000 houses as for \$50,000 houses. Building costs can be reduced, they add, by using local builders, banks, architects and material supply houses.

The group figures that the \$11,800 price is about \$2,000 less than what the houses would have cost if they had been built individually. This could be reduced even more in other communities because the Larchmont boys had to spend about \$600 per house to blast out tons of solid Westchester rock.

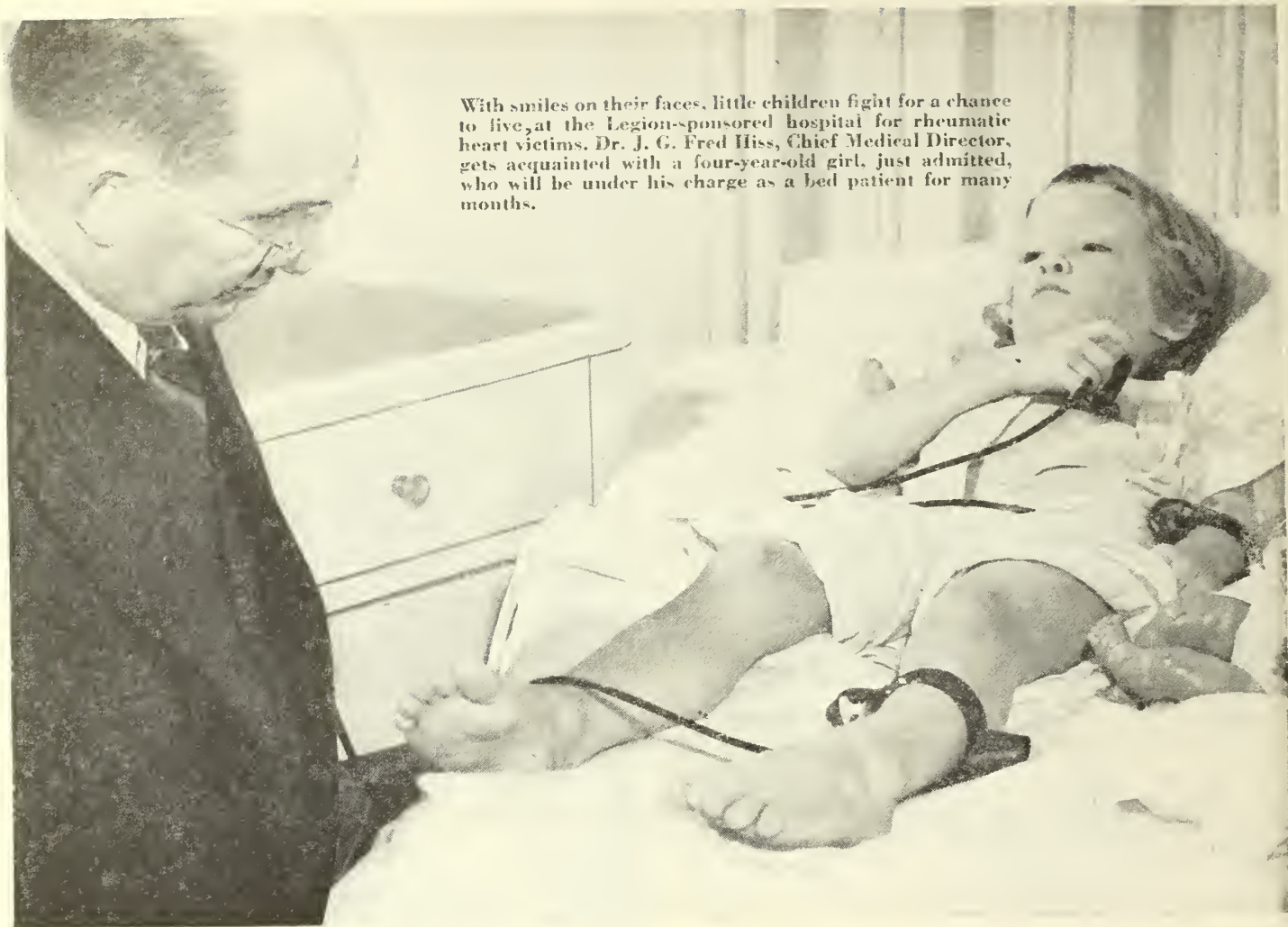
The Larchmont Plan started in February 1946, when as the result of a bull session, 16 veterans formed an organization known as the Larchmont Veterans Housing Association. Later they were joined by 34 more home-seekers and the group was incorporated as the Larchmont Veterans' Building Corporation. Actually the corporation embraces 49 veterans and one ex-merchant mariner.

The corporation got its operating capital from stock sold to members. Each man put in \$600—three shares at \$200 each. This amounted to less than 6 percent of the total cost and covered such expenses as land purchases, surveyors' fees, advances to the architect and "office expenditures"—postage and docu- (Continued on page 45)



At long last, moving day arrives for the O'Rourkes. Skip, Lou and Skip, Jr., now have their own home





With smiles on their faces, little children fight for a chance to live at the Legion-sponsored hospital for rheumatic heart victims. Dr. J. G. Fred Hiss, Chief Medical Director, gets acquainted with a four-year-old girl, just admitted, who will be under his charge as a bed patient for many months.

# Getting Into the Act Every Time

By **BOYD B. STUTLER**

**Championships dot Syracuse Post's record as thick as raisins in a Christmas puddin'. Leadership and hard work did the trick**

SYRACUSE IS AN industrial city in north-central New York with a population, thanks to a war-time boost, that pushes up pretty close to the 300,000 mark. It sends its products to every section of the world, and there are millions in the far reaches to whom Syracuse is a name that has been made familiar by the excellence of its wares, its typewriters, washing machines, and what have you.



PHOTOS BY CAREW-CALDWELL

Part and parcel of the community life in its home area and a contributor in no small degree to that fair reputation enjoyed abroad is Syracuse Post No. 41, The American Legion.

Now, Syracuse Post—one of a full

dozen in its home city—is not a model unit of the national organization of some 16,800 similar units, and it is not an average Post. Neither can it be called a typical Post for the reason that its numerical strength of membership, the breadth of its field and opportunities offered to work in so many different activities lifts it well above the average or the typical. It is just a good outfit, with vision, spirit, and a willingness to work. The 3,000 members, coming from nearly every calling, provide a great reservoir of manpower for leadership and line duty in every Post activity and in nearly every community or civic improvement project. It gets into the act every time—and that has made it almost an institution. (Continued on page 39)





Leaders in the professions, business and industry give freely of their time to serve on the Rheumatic Fever Hospital Board



The Junior Baseball team has won Department top title several times, lost in 1947 by 1-0. Lads in the hospital play the game



The lively SAL Troop, prize-winning Junior Drum and Bugle Corps and similar outfits make the clubhouses youth centers

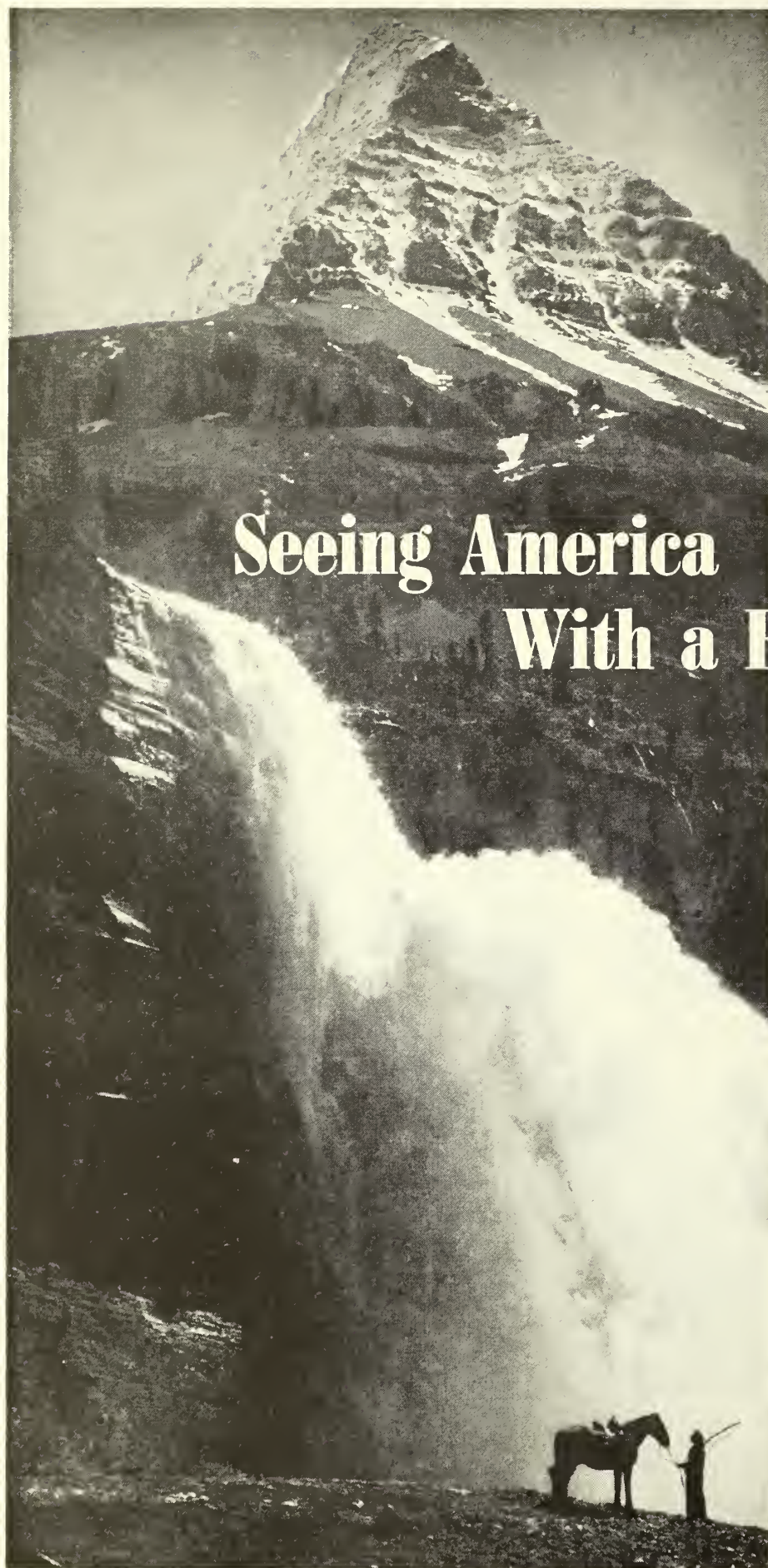


The Auxiliary is a worthy helpmeet in all programs. Here the ladies display pieces made by Summit VA Hospital patients



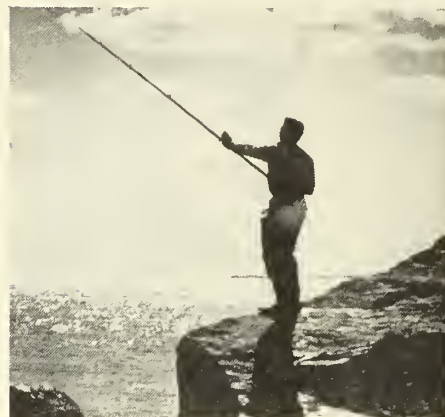
Singing for the pure joy of it, the seven-times national champion Chorus is another Syracuse product known around the world





# Seeing America With a Fishing Rod

*Before you plan your vacation  
Read this article*



MASSACHUSETTS DEVELOPMENT AND INDUSTRIAL COMMISSION  
A Massachusetts surf-caster on Martha's Vineyard goes after big striped sea bass

**By THREE EXPERTS**

**Part One—THE WEST AND ALASKA**

*By Russell Annabel*

**Part Two—THE NORTH WOODS**

*By Gordon MacQuarrie*

**Part Three—THE NORTHEAST AND**

**THE MARITIME PROVINCES**

*By Ray P. Holland*

**THE WEST AND ALASKA** *by Russell Annabel* • The editor's notion of seeing this part of America with a fishing rod is a fascinating one, but it strikes me as a tourist-angler could become loopy making up his mind where to begin the project and how to lay out an itinerary. I picture the poor map-happy guy babbling in an ecstasy of indecision about the merits of countless fishing spots with singing western and northern names—the Yellowstone and the Kobuk, the Skykomish and the Klamath, Diamond Lake and Volcano Creek—and ending up with fifty-two cards to his deck and a permanent ichthyic glaze in his eyes.

HARRY ROWED

Canada's Emperor Falls is a sample of the scenic grandeur that spices any fishing trip in the Western mountains





OREGON STATE HIGHWAYS COMMISSION PHOTO

Oregon Indians exercise their ancient right to net and spear chinook salmon at Celilo Falls on the mighty Columbia

Because, with due respect to the other sections of America, our land has no other Happy Fishing Grounds to compare in grandeur, scope and diversity with this one lying between the Rockies and the Pacific and reaching from the Mexican Border to the far polar rim of Alaska.

In the waters of this vast area are most of the fifty-eight varieties of salmon native to North America, and in many a chute and eddy you'll find the fish as willing and unsophisticated as if it were at the dawn of creation and the trickery of split-bamboo rods, invisible leaders and artificial flies tied on steel hooks had not yet been dreamt of. Besides the two outstanding species of trout—the rainbow and cutthroat, with their many sub-species and variants—there are the spectacular steelhead which exists nowhere else, the nearly extinct Montana grayling, the lake trout, pike and bass, and the five species of Pacific salmon—chinook, silver, dog, sockeye and humpback. Also there are the unique golden trout of California's Sierra Nevada Range, the brilliant and as yet unclassified Arctic trout, the slashing black-spotted trout of Nevada's Pyramid Lake, and the huge shee-fish of Alaska's northern rivers which the Russians called "the

white salmon of the polar seas." In addition there is salt-water game fishing all the way from San Diego to Kotzebue.

Assuming that a tourist-angler decided to work from east to west, he'd do well to set out from either Denver or Yellowstone National Park. In the latter case, he'd want to spend some time along highway 191 getting acquainted with the rainbows, browns and Yellowstone trout of the Madison, South Fork and Gibbon Fork while he enjoyed the bizarre scenery of the park area. I would go up into Wyoming to Grebe Lake, a short distance off the Norris Cut-off, and fish for Montana grayling. On the route you pass geysers and hot springs, and find yourself urgently solicited, every quarter mile or so, by squads of black bear standing along the highway like hitchhikers thumbing rides.

You'll need warm clothing because there is a bite in the winds that blow

down from the glaciers and high snow slopes off the Rockies. Hob-nailed hiking boots, levis, a wool shirt and a canvas wind-breaker jacket make a good combination. Park rangers will advise you about camp sites, lodges, trails, charter boats and tackle stores in the region, and won't neglect to inform you with understandable pride that Wyoming has 30,000 miles of trout water and twenty-one varieties of game fish. I suggest that you remove foodstuffs from your car and roll up the windows before parking it anywhere in the Yellowstone area, for the bear here are among the more larcenous of their tribe.

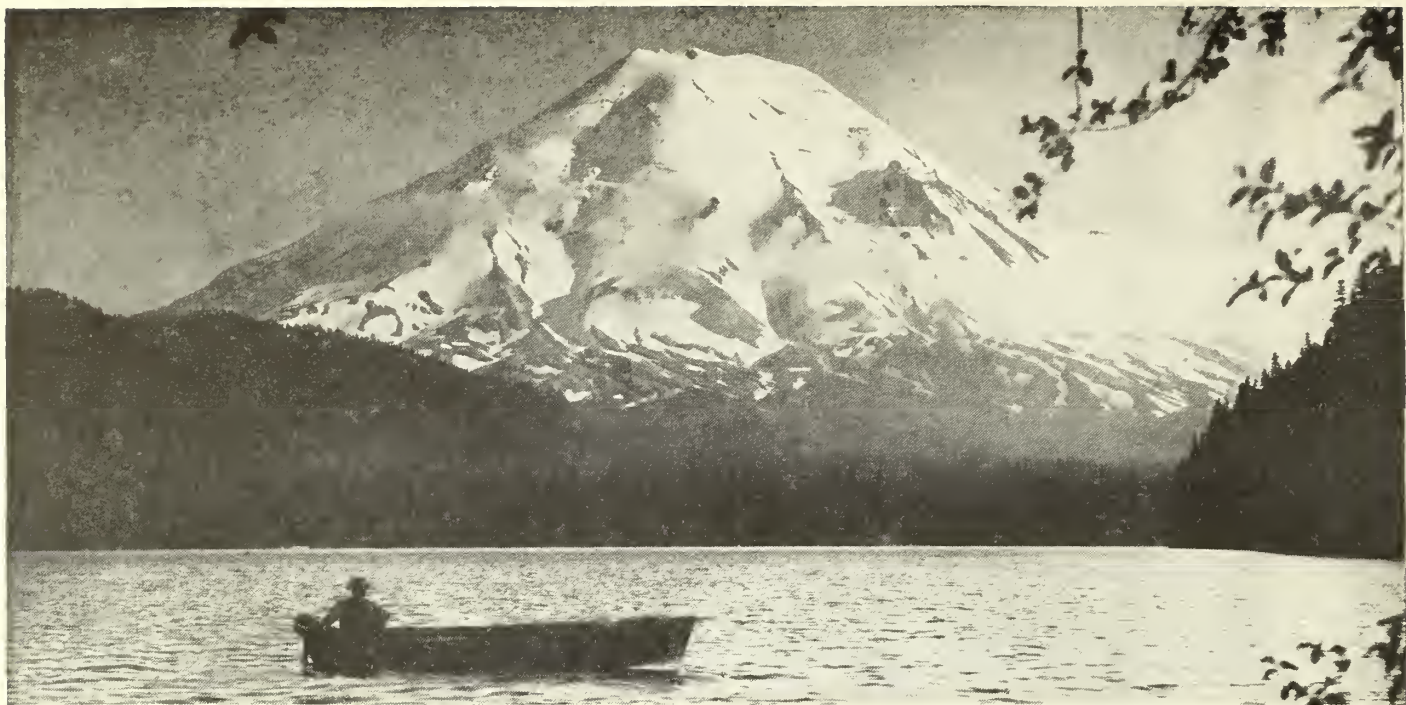
When you roll down the western slope into Montana you'll make the happy discovery that wallopig big brook trout are here for the taking. Two Medicine Lake, for example, has produced a nine-pounder, and four and five pounders are caught there each season. Loon Lake,

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**EDITOR'S NOTE:** We asked three experts to show what you may expect to find in the way of a fishing vacation from the Atlantic, through the Great Lakes and the North Woods, to the Rockies, the Pacific and Alaska.

We wanted to cover the whole continent, but our eyes were too big for our space. For what the experts omitted your editors are responsible. Believe us, there's lots of fine fishing in the Ozarks, the Blue Ridge, the Smokies, the Father of Waters, its lower tributaries and the Gulf. But when we had to settle for less, we left the South out and picked the cooler parts of the continent.





WASHINGTON STATE DEPARTMENT OF DEVELOPMENT AND CONSERVATION

**Under the snows of centuries an outboard fisherman trolls on Spirit Lake beneath Mt. St. Helens in Washington**

and Rock Island Lake also are fine brookie haunts. If you yearn to get off the beaten track, guides are available who will take you by packtrain into mountain country as wild as it was when Lewis and Clark plodded westward in search of the Pacific. On the back of a Sioux pony, with the big peaks looming ahead through the timber and a trout stream making music for you, you'll

forget you ever stood on pavement or saw the inside of an office. Probably you'll want to visit a cattle ranch or witness a round-up, in which case the Miles City chamber of commerce will tell you where to go and when to be there.

In Montana the fishing season runs from mid-May to mid-November. In Wyoming from April through October.

Throughout the shining saber sweep of the Rockies you'll find plenty of work for your fishing rod. In Colorado the folks are inclined to judge all trout fishing by the fishing in their white-water Gunnison river and their high-country lakes, and when you have tried your skill there you'll understand why. Colorado rainbows and cutthroats are big, and they hit fast and fight hard. Outfitters in hospitable mile-high Denver will supply you with up-to-the-minute information regarding stream conditions, dude ranches, highways and points of interest. The fishing season here opens late in May and continues on through October.

If I were an angler touring the west, I would by all means make an excursion into the Sierra Nevadas to take golden trout and to see this colorful and historic part of the country. Golden trout, cousins of the rainbow, have been called "Tiffany trout," and this is an appropriately descriptive name for them. Icythologists tell you that in ancient times rainbows were isolated in Volcano Creek (now Golden Trout Creek) and that in time they took the reddish gold color of the stream's tufa bottom. Legend has it that lakes and other streams in the vicinity were stocked in 1873 by a cow-puncher-angler who, knowing a good thing when he saw it, carried fry lovingly in a coffee pot and released them for the pleasure of posterity. California has made the golden trout the official state (Continued on page 40)



A. V. POLLARD

**Wherever streams roll to the sea men and boys try their luck with boots, rod and reel**





The Springfield Rifle, M 1903, as issued

You can have a Springfield M 1903-A-3 converted to a sporting type rifle for \$27

## What About Those Springfield Rifles?

**Large quantities are being made available to Legion Posts, or you can buy one. This tells how, with some pointers as to the cost of converting a military rifle into a sporter**

**By W. H. B. SMITH**

EVERY MAIL BRINGS questions about how veterans can obtain service rifles from the War Department. Hundreds of rumors—practically all of them wrong—seem to be constantly circulating among veterans about the availability of rifles.

With the very effective cooperation of John Thomas Taylor, Director of Legislation of the Legion, we have finally been able to secure a written statement from the Office of the Chief of Ordnance on this matter as it directly affects Legion Posts.

Briefly, Springfields and Enfields have been declared obsolete. These are respectively the M 1903 and M 1917 bolt action series. M1 (Garand semi-automatic) rifles and M1 and 2 (Winchester design semi-automatic) carbines are not being made available.

Legion Posts are eligible to draw up to ten rifles as donations under certain conditions. The Post pays only the packing, handling and shipping costs for these. The War Department will exercise its own option on whether to ship M 1903's or M 1917's, basing its decision on quantities available at time request is filled. The War Department refuses to honor Post requests to trade in M 1917's now owned for M 1903's,



A more elaborate conversion job like this costs \$125

stating that the available stock of M 1903's would not permit.

Incidentally, the Chief of Ordnance requests that we inform Legion Posts that in event issued rifles are stolen, the theft should be reported not only to the local Chief of Police, but also to the nearest Field Agent of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Statements from those officials will be required before stolen rifles will be replaced. In case of fire, the receivers of burned rifles should be kept, as they may be called in before replacements are issued.

If your Post wishes to obtain rifles up to 10 in number, write to the WAR DEPARTMENT, OFFICE, CHIEF OF

ORDNANCE, ATTN: ORDFQ, Washington 25, D. C. and request a "Certificate Supporting Request for Donation of Army Ordnance Equipment." Fill in this simple certificate form and mail it with your request to the address given above; but note that before mailing it, the Post must have the request approved by its Department Adjutant. There is a space on the certificate for this approval. Rifles will be shipped C.O.D.

What condition are these rifles in? Frankly, nobody is too specific on this point. The War Department merely states they "are considered adequate for the purpose intended." However, M 1903 and M 1917 rifles are well known for the strength of their actions, and are as a class capable of handling safely any commercial or military ammunition designed for use in them.



German agents actually used this tooth-fired weapon shooting a .32

### What About Personal Rifles for Legion Members?

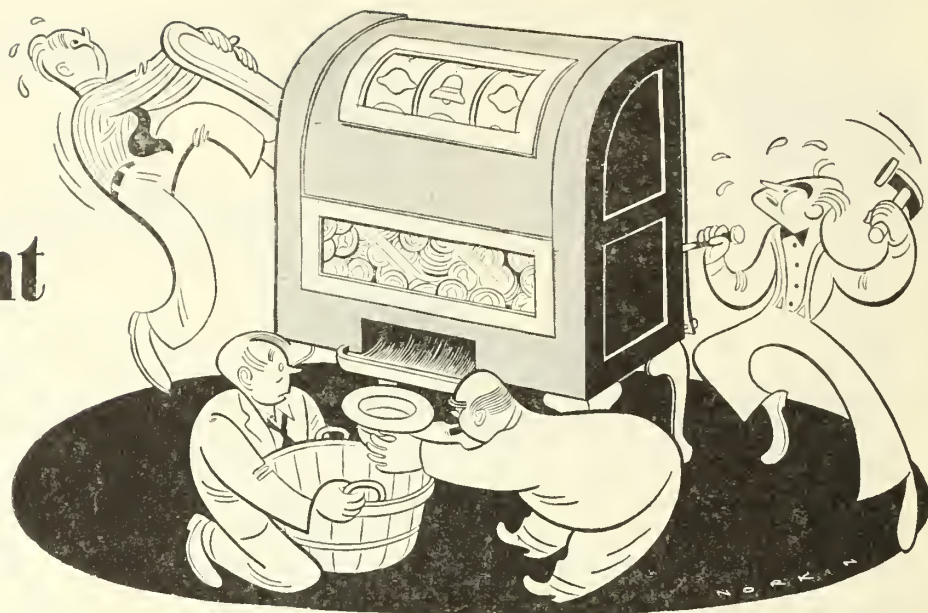
Personal rifles for individual use must be purchased through the Director of Civilian Marksmanship, Department of the Army, Washington 25, D. C. None are given free. Before a purchase order will be (Continued on page 43)



# They All Want Jackpots

If you've ever tried  
to buck a one-armed bandit  
you may find yourself portrayed in this gallery of addicts

By **GEORGE O. POMMER, Jr.**



THE "ONE-ARMED BANDIT" patrons of America constitute a very diversified and interesting, if curious, society. Among its wide-spread membership will be found bank presidents and carriers, professors and bumpkins. Some are charter members from 'way back, with a colorful variety of theories and techniques, while others are naive newcomers, who still quake at the idea of admitting to their friends that they've become addicted. Strange to say, the net results are quite similar in all cases.

There are several standard types of addicts. For instance, consider the swashbuckling, devil-may-care individual. He strides fearlessly up to the machine, yanks the lever six or eight times in quick succession, then, if nothing happens, strides off again, dismissing the whole incident with an artificially good-natured grin. If the machine teases with a few minor pay-outs, he'll take a few more vigorous cracks at it, but he never lets it "throw" him.

The serious, methodical character, on the other hand, makes a real project out of his session. He'll even get pretty moody about it at times. Arming himself with a whole dollar's worth of nickels, he starts sweating them out, one by one. He deposits each tenderly, and he usually operates slowly, vaguely hoping the luck will change before he goes broke. Sometimes he pauses for a sip of beer between turns, and he al-

ways watches with deep anxiety as the fateful symbols click into position. A small pay-out elicits a sigh of relief, and he resumes the attack even more grimly than before. This chap is quite particular about lever action, firmly believing that certain pulls are more productive than others.

Most picturesque, if not most pleasing, is the violent, gorilla type. After three or four futile plays, he usually starts slapping hell out of the machine, then he rocks it violently, something like an angry parent thrashing a recalcitrant youngster. Even the stand wobbles precariously under the onslaught! Not infrequently, this is accompanied by a one-sided conversation with the

machine that would be considered a trifle strong for good company. This fellow apparently expects to intimidate the mechanism into "coughing

up" prematurely. If a jam should result, his tantrums become fearful, indeed, and he screams to the proprietor about being robbed.

The single-shot member has remarkable will power, exceeded by perhaps only one other, the hit-and-run! The

former makes up his mind before reaching the machine that it's going to be one coin and one coin only . . . come hell or high jackpot! A favorite stunt with him is to yank the lever and walk away before the dials stop spinning. His ears, of course, remain sharply attuned for any possible clatter in the cup. Unless you realize that he's holding his breath during the critical interval, it looks like a splendid attitude of non-chalance.



Rarest bird of the flock is the hit-and-run. He gets a break, finds himself ahead of the game, either

through a jackpot or a pay-out, and he quits cold. He won't even drop in one more coin to "clear" the machine. We envy him, wondering how he does it.

Highly detested by most aggressive members is the foxy, surreptitious operator. His formula consists of standing near his favorite machine . . . one that he considers about "ripe" . . . and watching shrewdly while other suckers sink fistful after fistful of hard cash into its maw. Then, as soon as there is a lull, he quietly sidles up to the device and tries a couple of his own musty coins. Sure, you've guessed it. The bottom drops out and there's money all over the joint!

Practically all players have one thing in common, however, and that is a blissful dis- (Continued on page 31)







Vet-of-the-month Clark Gable

# Hollywood Has the Jitters

By R. WILSON BROWN

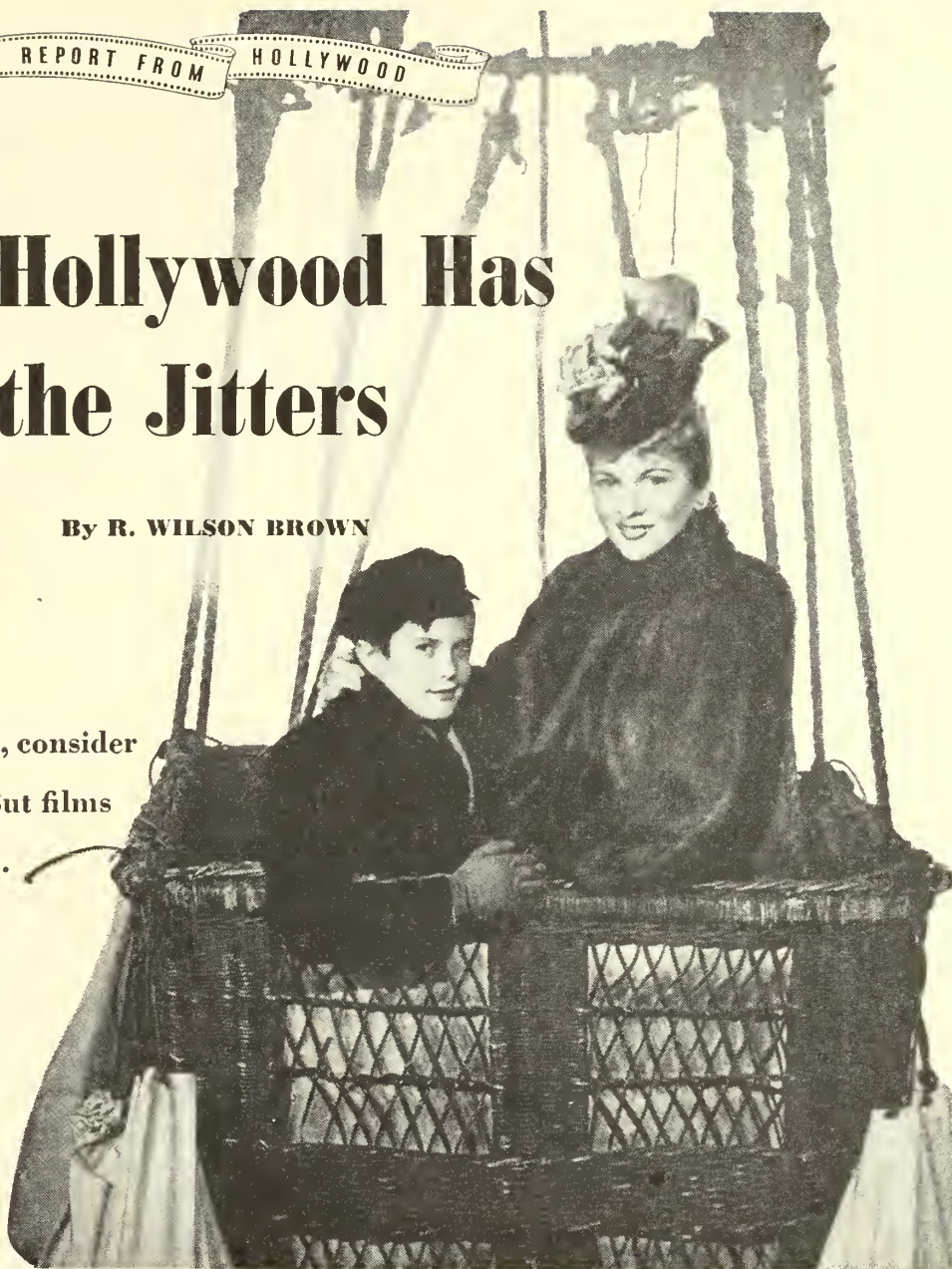
If you think you have troubles, consider the lot of the movie-makers. But films there will be, and here's how...

**M**ORALE IN HOLLYWOOD is at a low ebb. Reasons: strikes, the foreign tax situation, unemployment, the economy campaigns, non-co-operation, the fear of insecurity, censorship, and the recent investigations of the House Committee on Un-American Activities.

In the first place, profits aren't what they used to be. At Paramount business is off over \$3,000,000: R-K-O, in a 9-month period, dropped \$3,000,000: 20th Century-Fox's last net earnings report was \$3.65 a share as compared with \$5.69 a year ago. The foreign market is shot. Either Hollywood must supply the market and be satisfied with less than 25 percent of the net, the rest going to foreign tax, or stay within the borders of the U. S.

Economy drives are thus the order of the day. Warner Bros. laid off 150 at one time; others followed. Paramount has been curtailing, M-G-M has dropped top-salaried executives as well as clerks. All of them are cutting to the bone. As this is being written, only thirty-seven pictures are in production, and three of them are being filmed away from Hollywood. And eighteen of the total are in four studios, which means very little is going on in the other lots.

Re-issues are all over the place. Bank



Joan Fontaine, shown with Leo Pessin, stars in *Letter from an Unknown Woman*

night is back. Screeno is emerging from retirement. R-K-O plans only ten top budget pictures for the whole of 1948, the rest to be B pictures (low budget, that is). Tightening its belt another notch is M-G-M which plans to make a series of pictures budgeted at less than \$700,000 each. Warner Bros. is combing through its stock for stories already on hand that can be done at low cost.

Adding to the confusion is the criticism that Hollywood is turning out too many turkeys. Samuel Goldwyn says the reason is that too many films are required to continue the double-feature program demanded by theatres. Continuing to provide two pictures for the price of one will, he says, set the industry

back ten years. He says if exhibitors persist in the practice of the double-feature program, they are digging their own graves. There simply aren't enough good stories and good talent.

The censorship problem has reared its ugly head. The Catholic boycott on *Forever Amber* in Philadelphia was not an isolated incident. It was vividly demonstrated here in Hollywood when a priest took up his post outside a neighborhood theatre playing *Amber*, jotting down the names of all whom he recognized entering the house. That night the box office was only \$16. *The Outlaw* and *Black Narcissus* are others having trouble. Several stories are now being filmed will (Continued on page 30)



By JAMES F. O'NEIL  
*National Commander American Legion*

ABOUT TWENTY years ago The American Legion took its original Child Welfare Program and tore it up by the roots. The first program, centering around a few homes, or "billets" as we called them, had proven totally inadequate. We admitted the mistake of limiting our target, we made a new survey of the whole field, and we set up a new plan of attack. That plan developed into the "Square Deal for Every Child" program of today. After a second great war we find that one half of all the children in this country are the children of veterans. It is fortunate that the Legion raised its sights promptly when it found the earlier approach inadequate.

Next month, April, will be Child Welfare Month and an occasion for every Legion member to re-examine our work in child welfare. I am not an "expert" in this field, but I think every American man and woman is expert enough to aid intelligently in advancing the health, education and happiness of American childhood. We are practical people. We need not approach child welfare in the mood of what Past National Commander Roane Waring once described as "do-gooders and bleeding hearts." We need only to look down our home streets to realize the limitations of orphan homes, even on the kindly, pleasant idea which we envisioned in 1923 and '24 and '25. We will see very close to us the foundation for the modern decision that each child born in this republic must have every reasonable chance to develop through normal, healthy years into a citizen of sound body, mind and character. The draft records of both wars tell us the story of the unsound, the untrained, the inadequate—rejected by their country as unfit for service in its hour of need. This does not mean that we aim to raise a new generation of soldiers. Our objective is the raising of American children to a life of good all around American citizenship.

The bases of the Legion work for children are two, the first being direct aid to the children of veterans and the second a watchful attention to all other child welfare activities, public and private, and co-operation therein. In both of these directions our objective is to maintain the home and

the family. Adoption has its place in the child welfare requirements, and the orphan home remains a last resort when all other plans for home and family maintenance have failed in certain cases. The first purpose is to keep the home intact and the family influence at work whenever that is possible.

To this purpose we have directed some 62 millions of dollars to direct child care and aid over the years, most of it from our Legion and its Auxiliary bodies, through membership dues and con-

tributions and the income of the national endowment. Some of this direct aid has come from many other sources, and even this three millions a year, more or less, is only a start on the whole necessity, just the emergency aid for critical cases. The total expenditure of all public and private child welfare programs multiplies this many times. Yet no private organization has surpassed the Legion in both its gifts and its personal service to child welfare. Our Auxiliary of women and the societies of the Forty and Eight and the

Eight and Forty have contributed a great share to this work. Early in its career the fun makers of the box car fraternity found that their hearts were open to the appeal which touches every soldier when he sees a ragged kid.

This space does not permit a review of the details of the wide national program which has developed in the Legion since we came to understand that the welfare of our children involves the welfare of all children in America. The work of every Post, and of every member in the Post, is a part of it. Child Welfare Month will be a good occasion for each Legionnaire to review what is being done, suggest improvements, and dedicate to it just as much of his own time and cash as his heart may dictate.

It is hardly necessary among men and women who took part in war to paint word pictures of the father in a soldier's grave and the widow and orphans in a shattered home.

It is hardly necessary to recount statistics of juvenile delinquency caused by broken homes.

It is enough to say that we want every kid in this country to have a real home, a real chance, a real American boyhood or girlhood. In our American Legion we have some of the purpose and power to make this ideal into reality.

*They are  
all  
our kids...*



national aches and pains, with labor and management troubles, spiraling prices, the growing tax burden and public debt, political campaigns, conflicting interests among veterans and between localities seeking Federal favors, the continued mismanagement of tax money in our large cities, fraudulent building practices, weird codes, timid or greedy money, etc., etc., etc., that no separation of housing from the rest of the picture in one panacea is possible. The cheap dollar and all the things that have made it cheap are the rock-bottom villains, and a host of malpractices piled on top of them, all of which must be attacked militantly and separately, make housing even more inflated than the dollar. Congress can't make it right by a single act any more than it could make gentlemen by the stroke of a pen.

That is why the Legion has no cure-all housing bill in Congress, and why anybody who claims he has one is naive or cunning, or expects to get more for his tax dollar than his fellow veterans elsewhere.

- The Legion has an important bill before Congress at this time, known as the Veterans Homestead Act of 1948. It would go a long way toward helping veterans *anywhere* to get homes. We describe its major features in Sound Off, on Page 8, in answer to a query from a small-town Legionnaire of Killdeer, North Dakota. But it is only part of the Legion plan.

- The best plan is no one plan. It is a vigilant program which watches over building; fights to prevent housing from being inflated one penny above the dollar; assists local groups which initiate their own projects; assures that low-cost construction be not abandoned by contractors in favor of more extravagant building; continues to assure the easiest possible credit for veterans mortgages; militates against banking practices which violate the spirit of veterans loans; teams up with honest builders against the racketeering practices of fly-by-nighters, and puts the heat on local areas to stop waiting for Uncle and start building.

The American Legion, nationally, was mandated by the last Convention to embrace that entire program and more. The program's limitations are found in its realism. It is designed for the conditions of 1948 and has none of the beauty of a dream. It requires work and vigilance by all hands. If that is too much then this isn't the Legion.

The American Legion, locally, by the initiative of individual Posts in many areas, has supplied the necessary heat to get veterans projects going in those areas. Where Posts and communities have been most forward in grabbing the ball thousands of houses are nearing the time when they could stand another coat of paint. Posts that aren't supplying that push should wake up to the fact that they are the Legion and that plenty of veterans are still in a housing mess.

- Now turn to page 18 and read *They Ganged Up To Get Homes* which shows that even in the community there is no Santa Claus for veterans. What's your Post doing? R.B.P.



## From where I sit *by Joe Marsh*

### Free Ride For You— on the Freedom Train!

*We had a real thrill in Our Town just the other day—when the Freedom Train stopped by!*

You've heard about it, of course—an actual train that's touring the country to remind us again what true Democracy means. It carries such Americana as the Declaration of Independence, the Bill of Rights, and other immortal documents that guarantee every citizen his liberty.

*A great idea! And from where I sit, we're all riding along with that Freedom Train—right now—by living in a country that protects our individual liberties—whether they apply to our right to vote, to choose our own church, to speak our minds freely, or enjoy a glass of moderate beer with friends.*

Only thing is, of course—we've got to prove ourselves worthy of the ride by guarding zealously against whatever forces of intolerance encroach upon our American concepts of live-and-let-live, in a free and strong Democracy!

*Joe Marsh*



## SOMETHING NEW IN MEN'S SUITS

One company to feel the magic of what modern marketers call a special "sales advantage" is Mayfield, Kentucky's 50-year-old Merit Clothing Co., Inc., makers of Style-Mart Suits for men.

"Fit, comfort and good looks," said Merit's president, William F. Foster, to his designers, "depend on the hang and fit in the neck and shoulder area . . . let's do something about it." That something was a new idea in popular-priced men's clothing: Careful inspection and better shaping in the neck and shoulder region in all standard men's sizes.

Supplied with a name (NECK ZONE tailoring) and a slogan (No Matter How You Twist or Turn, NECK ZONE Stays Put) by Merit's alert Prater Advertising Agency of St. Louis, salesmen hit the road.

NO MATTER HOW YOU

OR TURN

# NECK ZONE

Stays Put

Neck Zone, the exclusive tailoring feature of STYLE MART Suits for men—prevents unsightly collar gap.



Style-Mart Suits with NECK ZONE tailoring looked, felt, fit better. Customers responded. Sales jumped. Quantity buying of materials kept prices low. Good Housekeeping Institute tested Style-Mart Suits. Each one now carries the Good Housekeeping Guaranty of satisfaction or refund of money.

Today, a leader in its field, Merit looks forward to even greater sales as more men learn the comfort, style and fit of NECK ZONE tailored Style-Mart Suits.

Advertisement

## HOLLYWOOD HAS THE JITTERS

(Continued from page 27)

have to be cleaned up a lot before they'll be fit for public showing. *Lulu Belle*, Dorothy Lamour's picture for Columbia, was called the dirtiest play on Broadway when Lenore Ulric did it in 1926. Lamour says it's the sexiest movie she has ever made. Columbia also has Paulette Goddard booked for *Anna Lucasta* which, on the stage, was rather rough in spots.

It appears that the master minds have not yet learned that only an infinitesimal part of film income comes from salacious pictures. As one authority told me, "Why risk so much for so little?" The answer is, of course, a lot of these stories shouldn't be filmed in the first place. The world and the industry can get along without them. The Hearst newspapers are advocating federal censorship of pictures. Censorship in one form or another will come unless producers take the bull by the horns and clean house and keep it clean.

Maybe, however (and I stress the *maybe*), all this has been needed to get Hollywood back on the beam. Maybe out of it all will come a better town, a better industry, and better entertainment for you and me. I hope so. I like to see a silver lining behind every cloud, no matter how black it appears.

\* \* \*

While Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., has been successful in pictures, is making them and will continue to do so, he really would like to get into the United States diplomatic service. He got his first taste of international diplomacy in 1937 when he performed special missions for our Government. In 1941 he was a Presidential envoy to South America. He served five years in the Navy, coming out as a Commander. His medals include the Legion of Merit, Silver Star, French Legion of Merit and Croix de Guerre with palm. Right now he is an officer of the American Association for the United Nations, Inc.

\* \* \*

Readers of this department are well acquainted with the pros and cons of the war on this town's Roll Royce revolutionists and their lady friends, the pinks in minks. So I skip the details and merely pass along some sidelight paragraphs:

Rumania has banned all pictures in which Adolphe Menjou, Cary Grant and Clark Gable appear plus seven other films: *Flesh and Fantasy*, *One Foot In Heaven*, *Keys of the Kingdom*, *Fallen Sparrow*, *Random Harvest*, *Gaslight* and *Two Years Before the Mast*.

Cecil B. DeMille, returning from a 12,000 mile tour of the U. S., says un-American influences are just as active other places as here. He says Commies have failed in their attempts to control the mo-

tion picture industry, but that there are some Hollywood Communists who are dangerous because they are brainy.

Charles Chaplin says he'll never act again.

It is said that Katherine Hepburn is swearing off politics. More may be taking such an attitude or will find it increasingly harder to find picture employment.

John Garfield was set to star in *The Great Indoors* by Ring Lardner, Jr., for Enterprise. You can bet your bottom dollar it will never materialize—that would be *too* much of a hot potato.

Full page ads in a local picture trade daily signed by the "Unfriendly Nineteen" appealed to people to put pressure on Congress to do away with the Thomas committee. It asked especially that wires be sent to Congressman Chet Holifield, Congressman Cecil R. King and Congresswoman Helen G. Douglas (wife of Actor Melvyn Douglas).

Georgia Bachus, Joan Banks, Edgar Barrier, Rose Hobart, Karen Morley, Selena Royle and Gale Sondergaard were among 245 who signed another full page ad titled "The Thomas Rankin Committee Must Go" and acclaimed Larry Parks and other actors who went to Washington.

"Memo To A Bunch of Suckers" read a full page ad published in the Hollywood Reporter and paid for by a group of real Americans. It pointed out how a bunch of dopes in this town were signing petitions, lending their names and prestige, giving money, fronting and stooging for the Communists. "Give them the shelter of the constitution," the advertisement declared, "so they can roll it up and stuff it down your throats when the moment pleases them."

Quoted in the advertisement is a paragraph of special interest to Legionnaires, taken from the book *Toward Soviet America*, written by William Z. Foster, active head of the Communist Party in America, and published by Coward-McCann.

"Under the dictatorship all the capitalist parties, Republican, Democratic, Progressive, Socialist, etc., will be liquidated, the Communist Party functioning alone as the party of the toiling masses. Likewise will be dissolved all other organizations that are political props of the bourgeois rule, Rotary clubs, American Legion, Y.M.C.A., and such fraternal orders as the Masons, Odd Fellows, Elks, Knights of Columbus, etc."

\* \* \*

The war hit Clark Gable early. The Pearl Harbor episode was just forty days old when his wife, Carole Lombard, was killed in a plane crash as she was returning from Indiana where she had opened the first War Loan drive. Gable was working at the time on a picture ironically titled *Somewhere I'll Find You*. The film finished, he quietly enlisted for war service. He entered the Air Force as a private in the summer of 1942, qualified for OCS



and trained with men many years his junior. He took his work seriously and finished 700 in a gunnery class of 2,600. He went to great pains to see that his standing as a top motion picture star had no bearing on his status as a fighting man.

In England, the boys wondered if Gable could take it. One morning he took off for Antwerp, Belgium, in the top turret of a bomber as a gunner. When the plane returned, there was a 20-mm. shell hole near where Gable's head had been. A German fighter squadron had attacked. The boys saw this and knew at once that Gable was no longer an actor—he was one of them—a fighter. He did it again—five times straight. On one run, deep into the heavily defended Ruhr, Gable stood for seven hours in the plane at 30,000 feet—which is “taking it” for a man his size and age. And this time the ship was badly shot up.

We pick Gable, too, because his latest picture, *Homecoming*, a story of war, is a great story expertly done by the King of Actors; and because Gable is one of the industry's staunchest supporters of the American way of life.

\* \* \*

*Winter Meeting* has a winter scene. In Hollywood the sky was right, the temperature chilly, but the trees were leafy. So they picked off the leaves.

*Mr. Peabody and the Mermaid* with William Powell as star is running into difficulties. They can't decide whether the mermaid should wear a bra or not. Nunnally Johnson, the producer, claims that a mermaid is a fish and that fish don't wear bras.

Columbia used 400 extras on a set representing pari-mutuel windows at a race-track in *The Return of October*. A genius went into a brainstorm. “Omigosh,” he yelled, “400 people go up to bet and for the first time in history they all win—\$15.56.” That's the wage of an extra for a day's work.

THE END

## THEY ALL WANT JACKPOTS

(Continued from page 26)

regard of the cold, hard realisms involved. According to a comprehensive scientific survey recently conducted by Philip G. Fox, professor of business administration at the University of Wisconsin, the average “one-armed bandit” is probably the most honest and, at the same time, the most ruthless gambling contrivance ever invented. It is frankly designed to take about 25 percent of all funds dropped into it, and take it does, with a surprising regularity in the long run!

After careful analysis of the results of some 80,000 plays made by members of his student body on a typical three-dial, dime machine in the laboratory, the professor found that the jackpot will turn up three times in 8000 tries. This gives an average ratio of 1 to 2667, but even that poor average can't be depended upon. Periodic eccentricities are apt to appear. For instance, the test machine once took in over 6000 coins before “hitting,” while, on another occasion, it paid the jackpot twice in 100 plays. With the pot averaging around \$6.50, and miscellaneous pay-outs coming to about \$190.00, on 2667 plays, the machine showed a neat \$70.20 profit!

Professor Fox concludes that it is a mistaken view of the so-called law of averages that prompts even well educated people to continue their expensive and fruitless efforts to beat the machine. They vividly remember freak breaks, while conveniently forgetting consistent losses, and quite often operate on the assumption that they are “due.” Many seriously believe there are times when the machines or the players are “hot,” and one is crazy to stop under those conditions. Once in a while, there's some “heat” involved, all right, but it's of an entirely different nature.

The only way to be a regular winner is to own or lease the machine.

THE END

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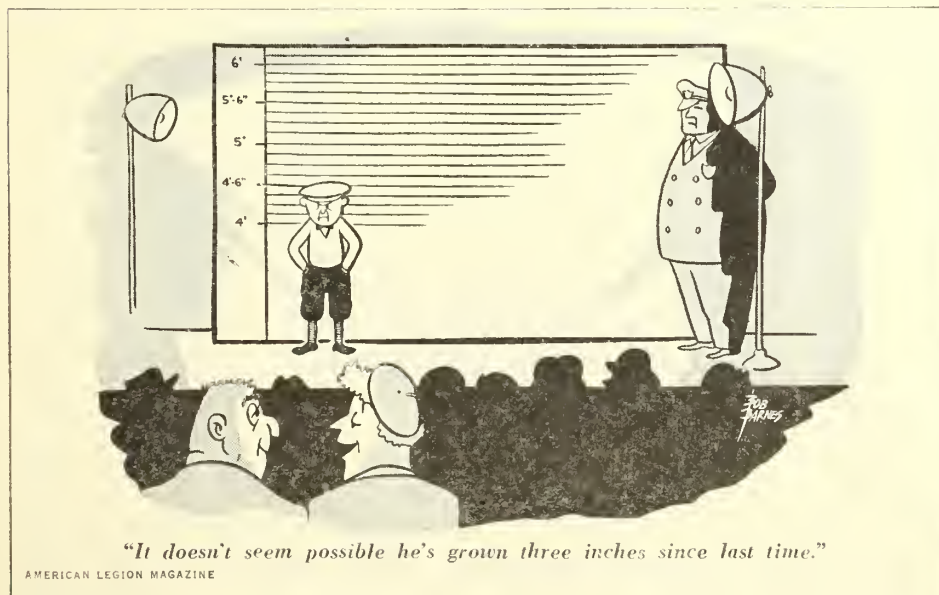
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AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE



## BRUSH-OFF

(Continued from page 14)

Cindy was again facing the door, peeling apples, her knees crossed, when Bill came quietly up the back steps. He stood in the doorway, outlined against the sunset that streaked the sky above the orchard. He was bare-headed, wearing tan slacks and a sport shirt, with a brown jacket over his arm.

"Hi, Cindy," he said. It might have been yesterday that he'd gone away, instead of thirty-eight months ago.

Cindy looked up at him wide-eyed, and spoke with a neighborly thrill of delight: "Why, Bill! Bill Strand! When did you get back?"

"About forty-five minutes ago," Bill said, looking at his wrist-watch. "I sneaked up through the timber so nobody would see me. I didn't want any back-slapping and stuff. Nor folks calling you on the party line."

"Well, come on in!" She laid down her paring-knife. "How are you, Bill? Where've you been since the war?"

"Down in Texas," he told her. "In the oil-fields, I'm through there now, heading for a deal up in Alaska." He came on in, not limping at all. With his short-cropped, curly hair and sunburned face he seemed more like a college boy home on a vacation than a veteran of thirty-eight combat missions in the South Pacific. "You're looking swell, Cindy."

He sounded casual, too, but the hand holding his cigarette was trembling a little. A line of scar tissue ran along just under the curve of his jaw. His smile was a little stiff and the dimple was gone from his left cheek. Otherwise those army surgeons had done a marvelous job. A pal of Bill's—not Bill had told her he hadn't had much face left, nor many whole bones in his body, when they'd dragged him from the flaming wreckage at Iwo.

"Clem's down at the barn," Cindy said. "Aunt Deb's asleep in the back room. Sit down, Bill."

He didn't sit down. He put his jacket on the chair, against the wall and leaned beside it, facing toward the barn. He gave her a sidelong, steady glance, puffing on his cigarette, tilting his head to keep the smoke out of his eyes. She took up an apple and the paring knife, and bowed her head, resuming her peeling. She thought, *It won't take long. Please, don't let it take too long.*

"I know everything's washed up between us," Bill said. "I got your letter at Guam. I wanted to hear you say it, though. I wanted you to see that I was okay again. D'you mind a few questions, Cindy? It won't take long."

"Not too loud," she warned. "Or shall I wake up Aunt Deb? She'd like to see you, too."

"No, let her sleep." Bill's face softened

a little. He'd always liked Aunt Deb. "How's her rheumatism now?"

"Not much worse. She still gets around with a cane."

Clem came out of the barn, the milk pail in his hand. His tawny hair seemed more shaggy than usual, his neck more scrawny. His bony shoulders were stooped as he shambled slowly toward them. With his back to the sunset, his face was in the shadow.

"Clem Jackson," Bill said, musingly. "One of those hillbillies from up above." He didn't speak sneeringly. He was just quizzical, and wondering. "You actually married the guy, Cindy?"

She nodded, watching Clem. As he came by the disc-harrow he took hold of the seat and shook it. Then he set down the milk-pail and went into the shop and came out with a wrench. He began to tighten a bolt. Squatting there in his sweat-stained shirt and faded jeans he looked what he was: a gaunt and awkward farmhand, tired after a long day's work.

"Okay," Bill said. "One of the reasons I dropped by was to do something about my place. Henry Grimm's been taking care of it, as you know. But Henry wants to move down to the Valley with his boy."

She looked up briefly. "You've been writing to Henry? Did he happen to tell you anything about me?"

"I didn't ask," Bill said. "He didn't volunteer anything. Taking pen in hand at all is a blood-sweating experience for Henry. The question is, would you and Clem like to buy my place? Lying just across the road like that, Clem could work them both together. You and I talked about that. Remember?"

To her horror, her eyes filled with tears. She bent lower over her work to hide it. "Yes, I remember," she said. "Drop us a line about it from up North, Bill. We'll pay whatever's fair."

"Sure you'll be fair," Bill said. "I mean

it, honey. I'm not being bitter. . . Clem's a cold-blooded cookie, isn't he? He knows you were engaged to me since the seventh grade. He knows I'm here. He must know why. So he goes on tightening that nut."

"He's letting us have our visit," she said. "He's proud, too, you know." She bit her lip. "What else, Bill?"

He crossed over and lifted up a stove-lid and tossed in his cigarette. While his back was turned she had time to wipe her eyes quickly on the hem of her dress. When he came back and stood beside her, she was able to look up at him questioningly, without blinking.

"This is it, Cindy," he said. His face had softened and saddened. "The sign-off. I just want to know. I want to get it straight. . . You were in love with Clem before I cracked up at Iwo?"

"No."

"You fell in love with him while I was in the hospital at Guam?"

"You wrote me that you were in love with someone else," she reminded. "You said ours was a—rural romance, childish stuff. You asked to be excused. You'd met that beautiful nurse there at Guam. She was mature. She was sophisticated. Her family was wealthy—"

"There wasn't any nurse," he said. "Except for one arm and one eye. I was in a cast from head to foot. I dreamed up the beautiful nurse, honey."

"Why?"

"Because my back was broken," he said. "And both hips. My face was hash. I thought I'd be that way as long as I lived—paralyzed and maybe blind. So did the medicos. You and I had agreed on that: if I ever got badly cracked up, I wouldn't be back. None of that crippled hero stuff. Remember?"

"I didn't agree to it," she said.

"So I had to make it rough," he said. "On your account. You'd have said, 'Come as you are' . . . Wouldn't you?"



DICK STROME

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE



"It's too late for all that now," she said, bending over her work. "It was too late when I got your cable saying you were out of the hospital, and to forget what you'd written me. Until I got your cable I hadn't even known you'd cracked up, remember. In your letter you'd just asked to be excused."

"I know," Bill said. "And the next day after I'd sent the cable I got *your* letter. You hadn't lost any time. I had no right to expect you to wait, of course, but what was your hurry about marrying Clem? Why Clem?"

"Don't," she said. "Let's not discuss Clem and me, Bill. It's no use. You can't change things that have already happened. You can't turn time back."

"I don't know," Bill said. "That's the final reason I'm here—to find out. Your pride wears thin when you're eating your heart out. I learned that in Texas. I hadn't intended to come back—ever. Look—can't you break it off with Clem?"

"I can," she said, "but I won't."

"You don't *want* to?"

"No."

"You mean there's no chance—none at all—that you could learn to—to—" he even stammered a little, like a bewildered boy—"to care for me again?"

This was the worst. Yet she made herself say it: "No."

He took it like she knew he would: without flinching. Like he'd ridden down his flaming Fort at Iwo. Like he'd used his good arm to write that letter at Guam.

"Okay, Cindy." His lips smiled down at her. "I asked you. You've answered with a good one-syllable word: no. So that's that."

He turned and took up his jacket. He didn't prolong the moment, but went directly to the door. "Goodbye, Cindy. Sorry and all that. I'll write you about the place. Good luck to you and Clem."

"Goodbye, Bill."

He went down the steps and paused to light a cigarette. Clem laid down his wrench and stood up slowly, watching him. But Bill only snapped the burnt match away, slung his jacket over his shoulder and turned around the corner.

Aunt Deb's quavering voice challenged: "Now what? What's going on?"

Cindy didn't answer. Clem came in soundlessly and set the milk-pail on the shelf over the sink. Cindy didn't open her tightly-closed eyes. Her cheek was pressed against the smooth oilcloth of the table. "Please go away, Clem."

Clem turned and went softly down the steps and around the corner. Bill was still in sight at the left—north—mounting into the timber. Clem stood motionless, watching him until Bill turned to the right, stumbling like a drunken man along the lane leading into the old Strand cabin.

Bill knew dimly, as though appraising the detail across a vast and apathetic gulf,

that he was heading in the wrong direction. The Valley lay south, not north. You caught the train there for Puget Sound. It came through at ten o'clock and you swung aboard on the side away from the depot, so nobody would know, or care, whether you'd come or gone. Remember?

Sure—but there was plenty of time. First, there was a deal to be figured, the deal called life, the longest and loneliest mission of all. . . What was it all about, this life business? Who said so, and why? More to the point, what of it?

The place to figure values, if any, was here at the old cabin. It was the pioneer cabin that Grandpa Strand had built, and where he had died. Nobody had lived here for years. While Bill's mother was alive she had kept the roses trimmed and the flower plot spaded in front of the steps. Bill had kept it up, too, before the war. He and Cindy had often sat on the step in summer twilights just like this, dreaming their dreams. Sometimes he had come up here alone, to think things out. It seemed like you could think more clearly, here on the old cabin step.

Well, there was thinking to be done. This crack-up was different than at Iwo. At Iwo you could hear guys beyond the flames, trying to help. You walked away from here—if you made it—alone.

*Hang on, Kid,* he thought, as he stumbled along. *You'll make it. Never mind why.*

It was twilight in the clearing, a hushed amphitheater walled on three sides by the green of second growth and arched over by the deepening blue of the sky. The Strand house and orchard were hidden from here, below the swell of the ridge, but you could see the plumes of the lower timber and the immensity of the twinkling Valley. Headlights were beginning to crawl down there, two by two; and far to the southeast a beacon winked on a high hill.

The cabin was a gray blur at the left. There were four pillars on the porch, each heavy with climbing roses. Someone had kept them trimmed, and from the smell of it the flower-plot was freshly spaded. The hand-hewn step was between the middle pillars. Bill lowered himself there and sat slumped and motionless, his face buried in his arms.

When he raised his head slowly the sky was jeweled with stars and it was almost dark in the clearing. And someone was coming from the right. He leaned forward so he could see past the roses. It was Clem and Cindy. They were well into the clearing, walking slowly, outlined against the last streak of sunset shining through the second growth. Clem's arm was around Cindy's shoulder, and she leaned against him as she walked, her head bowed.

It was too late for Bill to escape. All he could do was to slide closer to the



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roses at his right. He sat motionless there, in the grip of a cold, forlorn rage that for the first time included Cindy. All else could be forgiven but this. She shouldn't have come—ever—to sit on the cabin step with Clem.

They halted not ten feet distant, and a little to the right. Bill could make out the upper parts of their bodies through the roses. Cindy's arm was around Clem, and for a moment they stood close together in the hushed, deepening dusk, looking down at the flower-bed.

Clem spoke first in his soft drawl: "We cain't work on the flowers tonight, ma'am, dark as it is. But I figured you'd maybe like to sit on the step for a spell."

"Thanks, Clem," Cindy said. "I'll call you when I'm ready to go. It won't be long. I know you're tired."

"You knew he was here, Clem," she said, brokenly. "And I trusted you."

"I done you dirt, ma'am," Clem agreed. He was some distance away, backing into the farther shadows. "Maybe you'll thank me fo' it. . . I reckon you'll have to carry her, Mistuh Strand."

"Carry her?" Bill repeated.

"I knew you didn't understand, suh," Clem said. "She's crippled. She cain't walk alone."

Bill knelt beside her and lifted her up. He could feel the heavy braces strapped to her thighs, and now he saw the gleam of metal clamps below her knees and at her ankles. "Cindy!" he whispered. "Good Lord, Cindy—polio?"

She nodded, her face against his shoulder. "I was in the hospital when I got your letter from Guam. . . You m-mustn't

## OUR DISAPPEARING MERCHANT FLEET

(Continued from page 13)

thousands of lives and hundreds of millions of dollars in World War II. And now, as National Defense Secretary Forrestal candidly says, "We are repeating the same errors we made after the first World War."

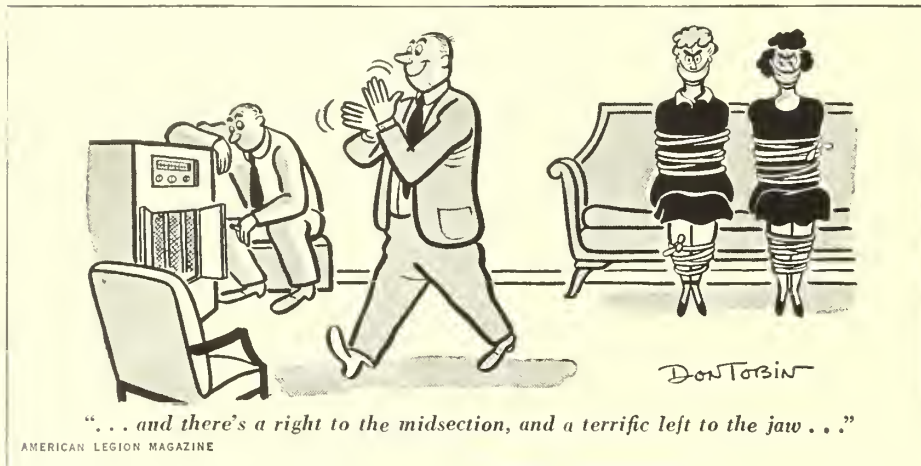
Almost three years have passed since V-E Day but nothing has been done toward developing "an adequate, well-balanced merchant marine." At the end of the war, the Maritime Commission drew up plans calling for the award of some \$200,000,000 in contracts in the 1947 fiscal year. It was forced to cancel them. Solely by dint of great pressure was the Commission finally able to secure authority in this current fiscal year to contract for five combination passenger-cargo ships at a cost of \$55,000,000 to \$75,000,000.

Not only has no real start been made upon reinforcing our merchant marine but efforts are even being made to get the Government to give away still more of it. Maine's Senator Owen Brewster has insisted that the United States turn over 20,000,000 tons of shipping to European nations as part of the Marshall Recovery Plan. Former President Herbert Hoover has come out openly with a demand that America make a present of 75 ships to Germany. There has been talk of a similar gift to Japan.

President Truman himself has been alarmed over the situation. That is why he appointed his five-man Advisory Committee and told it to plot "a stable, long range program" for strengthening both the merchant marine and the ship-building industry. The quintet he chose consisted of H. T. Keller, president of the Chrysler Corp., Marion B. Folsom, treasurer of Eastman Kodak Co., Andrew W. Robertson, chairman of the board, Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co., James B. Black, president, Pacific Gas & Electric Co., and Vice Admiral Edward L. Cochrane, Chief of the Materials Division of the U. S. Navy.

The whole country awaited the recommendations of this board. They were finally made public late last year. The United States, it said, must immediately launch a four year program for the construction of 46 passenger vessels, including two 50,000 ton express liners and seven other big liners ranging in size from 18,000 to 24,000 tons. In addition, the committee urged that the country build both new freighters and new tankers in order to safeguard the merchant fleet from "block obsolescence." A minimum of 60,000 men must be kept at work in the shipyards, it held, to keep a cadre of skilled workers on hand for emergency expansion. Construction of 50 ships a year would do this, it asserted.

The United States, said the President's Committee, should not seek to monopolize a large part of world shipping; that would



"... and there's a right to the midsection, and a terrific left to the jaw . . ."

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

"I got a word to say first, ma'am," Clem cleared his throat. "I only work for hire. I don't aim to interfere in folkses' affairs. But you ain't done right by Mistuh Strand."

She made a weary gesture. "Let me judge that. There's no burden on you, Clem."

"But they is, ma'am. I tried to join up after Pea'l Harbor. They threw me out. He was out there, fighting. . . I seen his face when he come down the steps. He didn't know. You'd just set there, peeling apples. To look at you, nobody would know. . . I cain't do that to Mistuh Strand."

"And I can't argue with you, Clem," she said, gently but firmly. "It's all over. Please, I'd like to sit on the step for a minute."

"Yes, ma'am." Clem didn't raise his voice. "You can take it from here, Mistuh Strand. We ain't married, suh. From the first, she's been nobody's woman but yours. She'd like to sit on the step she says."

Bill rose up quickly from the shadow. Cindy gasped and pushed away from Clem, turning as though to run into the darkness. Clem clutched at her, but she fell to the ground. She made no attempt to get up. Her legs were doubled under her and she pulled her dress over her knees, her head bowed.

feel sorry for me, Bill." Her whole body was shaking. "I won't be a burden to you. There's Aunt Deb, too. Remember, we agreed—"

"Hush," he said. He sat on the step and held her on his lap. "Hush, Cindy. And I thought I was the noblest grandstander of them all!"

"But it's both legs, Bill. I'm crippled for life. I can walk with braces, but— but someone has to hold me up."

"I'll hold you up," Bill said. "We'll walk in marble halls! . . . Hush, now. It's all right." He rocked her a little, as though she were a child. *Darned if he wasn't crying, too.* "Everything's all right," he whispered. "Look, honey. I'll tell you what you would have said if I'd given you a chance at Guam—I want you, just as you are."

Gradually her trembling ceased and she lay quiet, her eyes closed. Bill leaned over to look past the roses. The clearing was dark. "Clem!" he called, softly. "Clem!"

But Clem, having ascertained that the last chore of the day was finally done, was already gone. He was shambling down the hushed corridor of the country road, his shoulders stooped a little and his big-knuckled hands swinging.

THE END



just create international hostility. However, the United States, according to the committee, is definitely entitled to a fair share of sea-going commerce—which it estimates will reach 291,000,000 long tons by 1950—and must be equipped to handle it.

### Heroes Needn't Apply

S/Sgt. Paul L. Bolden, of Huntsville, Alabama, Medal of Honor winner, was turned down when he sought to re-enlist because he did not have the equivalent of a sixth-grade education.

The committee declared that much of the \$600,000,000 costs of the 46 passenger liners it recommended would be saved the Government through sales of these vessels to private operators. Where private concerns are willing to build the ships themselves, the committee advocated that "parity subsidies" up to 50 percent of the entire costs be given them—this to meet the difference between American and foreign wages.

In drafting its program, the committee paid close attention to the effects of the atomic bomb on sea transportation. In decided, Admiral Cochrane says, that while atomic weapons may compel changes in ship design, they will in no manner diminish the need for merchant vessels. The Committee's investigation also proved that airplanes will not take the place of ships to move freight, certainly not for the foreseeable future. In this regard, the Admiral stresses the fact that the biggest American plane can carry only 45 long tons of freight as compared to the 9,000 tons of a Victory ship.

"If we are going to conduct military operations again," Admiral Cochrane states, "we will have to move millions of men and millions of tons of supplies overseas. It will have to be done by ship. Nothing will permit these men and this cargo to be moved by air."

Prompt support for the Committee's views has come from the Army, the Navy, the A. F. of L., the C.I.O. and the shipping industries. Frazier Bailey, president of the National Federation of American Shipping, has gone further. He has announced that private shipping companies are prepared to construct most of the 46 passenger liners themselves if the Government will implement the Committee's recommendation that 50 percent "parity subsidies" be paid. That would save the Government hundreds of millions of dollars.

Nonetheless, it is reported from Washington that "vigorous opposition" to any broadscale shipbuilding drive is "expected from an economy-minded Congress" and an even more economy-minded Budget Bureau.

Secretary Forrestal has this to say, "The dissipation of our military and naval de-

fenses after every war has, historically, been a typically American characteristic. Only this time we cannot afford such an expensive national habit."

There can be no denying that many well-informed Washington officials fear that in the event of another war the United States will be again caught as unprepared as it was at Pearl Harbor.

"We had the bulwark of the British fleet at the beginning of the last war," says Mr. Forrestal. "We won't have that protection next time."

Forrestal believes that the American combatant navy is in the main in good shape now, ready to cope with emergencies. However, he makes no secret of his anxiety over the state of the merchant marine. He points out that the need for shipping in military operations goes up by geometric, not arithmetic, proportion as the distances involved increase.

"If we need X number of merchant ships to support operations 2,500 miles from the American coastline," he explains, "we will require not twice as many but four times as many ships to support operations 5,000 miles away."

Secretary Forrestal also emphasizes the need for shipping in time of war to transport strategic materials, underlining the statistics that the United States depends on imports for 97 percent of its manganese, 60 percent of its tungsten, almost 100 percent of its chrome, 100 percent of its tin, 53 percent of its bauxite, much of its zinc, copper and lead.

Many of Forrestal's aides are afraid that Congressional economy and public apathy will leave the merchant marine so weak that it will neither be able to support military measures nor bring strategic materials. "If that happens," it is said, "we will only be able to sit home and try to resist enemy amphibious forces."

The Navy is particularly interested in intelligence reports on Russian shipbuilding. It knows that many German navy experts are now working in the U.S.S.R. It knows that Russia is building at least one 16 inch gun battleship and has almost or already completed a 22,000 ton aircraft carrier. Reports have also come that the Russians, with German help, have developed submarines which can cross the Atlantic submerged, can carry three bombing planes and 20 torpedoes, and can make the hitherto undreamed of under-water speed of 26 knots. Russia now has over 200 submarines and is building still more both within the U.S.S.R. and at four yards in its zone of Germany.

"Russia's greatest ambition always has been to become a great naval power," Secretary Forrestal observes. "The U.S.S.R. is not a maritime power now, but who knows what she will be in five years?"

One other phase of the maritime picture that has the Government concerned is the problem of Communist activity at

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sea and on the water-front. The Communists already control such maritime unions as the West Coast Stevedores' International Longshoremen and Warehousemen's Union, the radio operator's American Communications Association and the National Union of Marine Cooks & Stewards. They have long had sway over the National Maritime Union although, at last, their influence there seems to be slackening.

In recent months, the Reds have been making strong efforts to post Communist radio operators on key American ships and in important shore stations handling ship radio messages. They have redoubled their endeavors to take over the International Longshoremen's Association, the dock union on the East and Atlantic Coasts. It is known that they have organized cells in every local of that organization. (Rule over the I.L.A. would give the Reds mastery in every harbor in the United States.) In their attempts to retain domination over the N.M.U., the Communist Party is reported also to have sent literally hundreds of its members to sea with instructions to form CP cells on each vessel flying the American flag.

The one encouraging factor is the fight now being waged to end Communist power within the N.M.U. Led by President Joseph Curran, a long-time Communist sympathizer who has apparently "seen the light," a rank-and-file group won control of the union's 1947 convention in New York City. Acting on charges by Curran that 98 percent of the N.M.U.'s officials were Communists, the rank-and-file elements forced the ouster of some of the more flagrant of them. It upheld the expulsion from office,

for example, of Joseph Stack, an avowed Party member.

While Stack was New York Port Agent for the N. M. U., Curran said of him, "He keeps a regular F.B.I. set of cards in the Port Registration office and gets more information for more things from the members than in any other port in the union. There are 12 to 14 women taking records."

Curran asked, "What is it for?" His inference was clear.

(In this connection, Naval Intelligence officers state that during the war certain Communists in the N.M.U. regularly interrogated seamen on convoy destinations, troop units, cargoes as well as other vital data and passed this top-secret information on to Communist Party headquarters.)

The Communists inside the N.M.U. battled feverishly to return Stack to office but they were voted down by 353 to 351, a tight margin, yet enough to show that democratic forces in labor, if they really fight, can offset the Red threat to their unions and their country. However, Stack has returned to sea, shipping out on the S.S. America, where his activities may be just as dangerous in time of war as they would be at a union desk.

The Government is hoping that the maritime unionists themselves will clean the Communists out of their ranks entirely. If they don't, Congress will be asked for legislation barring all Communists and Communist sympathizers from American ships in the event of a national emergency. The American Legion has asked for and the U. S. Coast Guard is known to have plans ready for enforcing such a law.

THE END

## Principal Merchant Marine Resolutions of National Convention of The American Legion, New York, August 28-31, 1947

*Resolved; That The American Legion Advocate:*  
That the Congress enact such legislation as will carry out the true intent of the Merchant Marine Act of 1936.

That the Maritime Commission formulate a plan to be intelligently and aggressively administered in carrying out a program to effectuate the rehabilitation and maintenance of the American Merchant Marine.

The immediate cessation of sales of American vessels to persons who are not citizens of the United States, and that we oppose any sales, charters or deliveries of American war-built vessels to nations, persons or organizations of those nations who were at any time enemies of the United States during the course of World War II.

That the Interstate Commerce Commission not permit the charging of discriminatory and non-compensatory rates by other carriers of commerce on goods which would otherwise move by water.

That steamship operators should be encouraged to participate in overseas air transport, under proper regulation, and be given the same consideration in granting certificates for overseas air service as any other applicant.

That a construction allowance be granted to all American ocean-going vessels hereafter to be constructed, whether to be employed in foreign or domestic trades.

The maintenance of a nucleus of shipbuilding facilities, experienced management and trained personnel.

The extension by specific direction under a Universal Military Training program to include the training of personnel in ship construction and ship operation.

That there be maintained a training program sufficient to provide an efficient personnel for the American Merchant Marine.

That the U. S. Coast Guard be required to investigate and determine the loyalty to the United States of all persons whom they certificate or license in the maritime industry.

That all surplus vessels unfit for further use from a national security standpoint be sold for prompt scrapping.

That all usable vessels retained as surplus to be available in the event of a national emergency.

That the functions of all government agencies affecting the construction, ownership and operation of merchant vessels be consolidated, merged and reorganized in order to effect economy and promote efficiency.

## \$50,000 FOR A NINE-YEAR-OLD PITCHER

(Continued from page 17)

to the Kid. Whether or not they believed they had beheld a pitching miracle didn't matter much. They did see a preview of things to come. And they witnessed perhaps the most astonishing exhibition of control pitching by anybody Tony's years, or even twice his age.

All told, Tony had thrown 18 pitches. Sixteen were in the strike zone. You can't expect much better—even from a *bona fide* big leaguer. Umpire Jones called it "the most amazing thing of its kind I've ever seen as an umpire" and enthused that Tony is "the greatest kid pitcher in the country today."

Griffith, who watched the exhibition from his private box, observed with delicious expansiveness—"that's my boy." And he wasn't pirating a gag. He was just being literal. For Tony is pledged to do his professional pitching for the Senators when he comes of age.

Once a great pitcher himself and the man who discovered the immortal Walter Johnson, Griffith knows the genuine article when he sees it. Even so, he might have muffed one of baseball's future best bets had it not been for Roger Treat, the Sports

Editor of the Washington Daily News and Tony's discoverer. Treat's newspaper and the Washington Touchdown Club sponsored a baseball "college" at Griffith Stadium last Spring for District of Columbia and suburban youngsters 8 to 18. Here's how Treat tells of his big find:

"When we started that baseball college, Tony's father wrote in and asked for special permission for T to attend as he was only 7 at the time. I told him to come ahead if the kid could take care of himself. I happened to play catch with him the first time I was out there and was amazed at his throwing. From regulation pitching distance (60½ feet) he fires on a line. He has a noticeable curve and remarkable control. You can safely say he has the speed of a boy 12-14. He has poise, confidence, and hits about as well as he pitches. If he isn't burned out through showing people how good he is he can hardly miss."

After chucking a few to Treat, Tony took his turn with three score other juvenile pitching hopefuls in the "control" department, pitching at a fixed target three feet in diameter with a bull's eye

the exact size of a baseball. There was some snickering among the older boys as the Kid spat in his glove and took his windup—but not for long. Tony's first pitch smacked the bull's eye. His next missed by three or four inches. The next four hit dead center. Treat promptly shepherded our young hero to Pete Beckert, Washington batting practice catcher. Beckert watched three perfect strikes hook into his big mitt and called Griffith over to take a look.

"By sin!" Griff exclaimed, as Tony obliged with a few curves. "I never before saw a boy that age who could throw a curve. He's a marvel. He'll be another Lefty Grove or Newhouser."

Griff's one regret was that Walter Johnson wasn't there to see Tony. The Big Train was to have been coach of the "college." But he was stricken that very day with the illness that ended his life eight months later. Griffith decided it would be a nice tribute to Johnson to nickname Tony the "Little Train." He did just that. And he took the "Little Train" under his wing, just as he did the Big Train nearly two-score years before, arranging for Tony to



work out at the Stadium and get some pitching tutoring from the Washington pitching staff.

Pretty soon Tony was taking his turn as a batting practice pitcher and acquiring a lot of polish and savvy in the process. When word got around that Griffith had come up with *the* pitching find of the decade, at least, the Old Fox figured wisely it was time to stake out some sort of future claim.

The signing ceremony took place last June in Griffith's office. There's never been anything like it. Griff hoisted the lad to his lap and asked him how he'd like to pitch for Washington some day. Tony beamed and blushed, then looked to his father, Navy Petty Officer Caldwell Baker, for the nod that came.

The two elders put their heads together and decided there would be no formal contract signing then. Smart move. That way, they wouldn't brush up against the child labor laws (which would define pitching as "work," even though Tony doesn't). That way, too, Tony wouldn't be deprived of his amateur status and thus the opportunity to enrich his fund of pitching knowledge and experience with elementary and high school hurling. So it was agreed that, for now, Tony would be listed as "Assistant Mascot." But the three—the two men and the little boy who some day shall lead them to gold and glory—shook hands solemnly and so sealed an unspoken promise that Tony would pitch for Washington when he grew up. Good thing for Griffith:

For scarcely a month later, nine major league scouts trailed Tony to Philadelphia's Shibe Park to see him do his stuff in another exhibition, this time against three of Philadelphia's best—Rookie-of-the-year Del Ennis, Andy Seminick and Hugh Mulcahy. Nine scouts; count 'em—Charley Gault of the Boston Red Sox, Hans Lobert of the New York Giants, Lena Blackburn of the Philadelphia Athletics, Red Bowen and Bill Killifer of the Brooklyn Dodgers, Patsy O'Rourke and Joe O'Rourke, Jr., of

the Chicago White Sox, Jocko Collins of the Philadelphia Phillies and Joe Sugden of the World Champion St. Louis Cardinals—all watched Tony.

"He can't miss being a great pitcher," the scouts proclaimed. The Cardinals and Dodgers said it with offers.

The Detroit Tigers didn't have a scout there that day. But they contacted Tony's father who is authority for the intelligence that the Tigers will, when the time comes, top the best offer by a substantial sum. But Griffith, who acquired a large parcel of venture capital when he peddled son-in-law Joe Cronin to the Red Sox for \$250,000, is ready to call any hand, and raise it, if need be. Though he's a close man with a dollar, Griff knows that whatever he invests in Tony will be money in the bank because there's a fortune in the boy's left arm. That's why he keeps close tabs on his protégé and makes certain that the precious flipper doesn't go out of whack through careless or excessive throwing. He has issued strict orders that Tony pitch only once a week—and then only six innings.

Tony's great pitching arm is no freak of nature. His success formula simply follows the old familiar pattern—hard work and diligent training.

The Kid comes as close to being a perfect example of a planned baseball star as any in the book. Papa Baker planned it that way. He proclaimed to his wife, when Tony was one day old, that their only child would be a baseball player; a big league pitching star, if you please. That suited brunette Mrs. B fine because she's a rabid baseball fan, too.

Caldwell Baker's ambitious plan for making Tony a star was founded on one part frustration and one part inspiration. As a youth, Pere Baker was a fair ball player (outfielder) in his native Gastonia, N. C., cradle of major leaguers Stan Spence and Buddy Lewis of the Senators, Rube Melton of the Dodgers and Jake Early of the St. Louis Browns.

But family circumstances balked his dreams of playing college ball and moving into the big time. So he determined that his son would have the chance he missed. That was the frustration half of it.

The inspiration was supplied by Bob Feller, then only 19 but already starting his second season in the big leagues. Papa Baker had read how Rapid Robert's father taught his son the rudiments of pitching behind the family barn at Van Meter, Iowa. He went out and did likewise with Tony, except that the Bakers used the family living room. The training schedule was every bit as serious as Feller's.

Tony's Pop started the schedule of workouts when the boy was at the ripe old age of three months. He'd prop Tony up against a pillow on the floor and roll a baseball to him. Tony, who literally teethed on baseballs, eventually learned how to pick up the ball. At 15 months he



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was winging it right back at Pop. After a while, they worked out a half hour each night; Tony pitching and Daddy catching. Before the little fellow mastered the art of control, a few family floor lamps were shattered. But Mrs. Baker figured that was small cost if her boy would grow up to be a star.

At the age of four, Tony was ready to do, and did, some pitching for junior teams in the neighborhood at Greenbelt, Maryland, a government development 10 miles north of Washington, D. C. At seven, Tony graduated into a full-fledged pitcher with the big kids—age 12 to 17—in the neighborhood. Tony was slightly wonderful in his debut. In his six-inning pitching stint, he allowed only one hit (a scratch single), walked none and fanned 17 of the 19 batters he faced—the first 13 in a row. His team won, 7 to 2, with a “relief” pitcher allowing the only runs scored by the opposition.

The lad is some shakes as a hitter, too. A left-hander at the plate as well as on the mound, he patterns his batting style after the great Ted Williams of the Red Sox. And he hits a long ball, too. One day, he led his team to a 23 to 4 victory. Tony's contribution was a six-inning shutout job as a pitcher (he finished up as first-base-man). As a hitter, he left little to be desired. In seven times at bat, he slugged two home runs, a pair of triples, two doubles and—somehow—a mere single.

Whenever Tony hits one out of the infield, it's usually good for extra bases. For, besides being a whing-ding as a pitcher and hitter, he's something of a Ty Cobb on the bases. Circles 'em in 21 seconds. Bigger men have run slower.

Baseball graybeards—old timers like Griffith and Hans Lobert of the Giants agree that never in the history of the game has a kid his age been able to do with a baseball what Tony can.

Being curious by nature and something of a skeptic, too, we went out one day and put the glove on with Tony to see if he really is that terrific. He is. He threw two dozen pitches into our borrowed major league catcher's mitt. All but five were **directly** at the desired target. He's got a curve that breaks about six feet in front of the plate. He also throws what he calls a spinner—a pitch that wiggles its way to the plate and drifts *away* from a right-handed batter. He's developed a knuckler, taught him by Dutch Leonard. His fast ball isn't Feller's, but it's hard enough to pink a palm with built-in callouses. And he's got all the motions that set his apart from a sandlotter and remind you of a big leaguer. We can confirm first-hand that it's true what they say about him. He's not ready to set down the Red Sox in order, but he has the makings.

And what Washington Manager Ossie Bluege said about Tony last year is worth repeating here:

“First off,” says Bluege, “you must remember he's only eight years old and you can't expect that he could go out and pitch on a big league team or even a semi-pro team. But he's a child prodigy. He's got good form, a good pitching action, lots of natural ability and looks the part of a ball player. He handles himself on the mound like he's been around. I'd say he has all the earmarks of a future big leaguer. If he takes care of that arm, I don't see how he can miss. He's as good as most kids twice his age. Give him a few years and you should hear from him in a big way. He gets the ball up there over the regulation distance with a spin or a curve you wouldn't expect was possible for any kid his age. I never saw anything like it for anybody his age. The kid's really a wizard.”

Tony's fame—he's also been in the newsreels and has appeared on coast-to-coast radio programs—hasn't gone to his head. On the contrary, he's inclined to shyness. He doesn't talk about his pitching skill unless you prod him. Then, like as not, he'll talk about Hal Newhouser—his pitching idol—and the \$15 Newhouser pitcher's glove he got for Christmas from his Grandma Baker. (He frankly has his doubts about Santa Claus.)

He likes school about as well as any boy his age. No more, no less. Studying comes rather easy. He averaged about 90 in his third-grade lessons at Greenbelt's North End Grammar School. He's a confirmed cowboy movie addict (Gene Autry and Roy Rogers); likes comic books, and has his bedroom walls cluttered with photographs of major league players and Army and Navy football stars.

His consuming ambition is to be the best pitcher in the big leagues some day—not for his own personal glory but, as he puts it, so “I can buy Mom a house on a hill and a fur coat.”

So saying, Tony picked up his sling shot and took his leave.

THE END

## G. I. DOGS—by Wallgren



He developed “shovel-feet” wearing “issue shoes”—but, back home he couldn't



buy snowshoes much bigger than his dogs—his “flats” were better than skis—He



didn't need a shovel for snow drifts—nor a heavy roller for his spring lawn . . .





## GETTING INTO THE ACT EVERY TIME

(Continued from page 20)

One bright example of accomplishment, perhaps the most far-reaching in present and future benefits, is the rheumatic fever program set up some ten years ago to combat what authorities declare to have been for many years one of the leading causes of death from disease of school-age children. This program, beginning in a small way through Dr. J. G. Fred Hiss, who set the movement on foot, and a few other members, was sparked into a national campaign for study, research and treatment of this No. 1 enemy of children. And in Syracuse there is a monument of service in the Wieting-Johnson Memorial Hospital, a 40-bed institution fully staffed and with a complete plant—the first total community service hospital established to treat children stricken with the disease and the resultant rheumatic heart.

Though the hospital is operated by a chartered Rheumatic Fever Foundation under a board composed of thirty leading professional and business men (most of them Legionnaires), the greater part of the burden of financial responsibility has been carried by The American Legion and its Auxiliary. The doctors—the very best the city affords—including members of the staff of the College of Medicine, Syracuse University, give their time without compensation. The Board of Education furnishes one teacher for each ten patients so that the children may continue their education at bedside while undergoing treatment.

Blessed with two spacious clubhouses—an old mansion in a residential section a few minutes from the center of town, remodeled to suit the needs and with a roomy auditorium added, and a four-story building erected for a fraternal club in the business section—the Post has space enough to maneuver its forces and to provide separate work and meeting rooms for all of its subordinate groups. And it has need for all of this room. It does not run on a single track, and has not built its name for well doing on a single idea. The Post has a lot of irons in the fire.

Few Posts have so consistently supported the national programs, particularly in Americanism and youth training, for within its membership, which is as diverse in personal interests as individuals are likely to be, competent directors for a great number of activities have been developed. As one result of these widespread programs, a friendly rivalry is encouraged among the different groups, all of which is helpful in keeping the group leaders on their toes. The 1946-47 administration, under Commander Jesse Cantor, of the District Attorney's office, was a notable one, but with new marks set, and still with regard to the majesty of the law, Police Sergeant George

Kalvin will be the new skipper of the craft in 1948.

In the youth division, there's the Sons of the Legion, Boys' State sponsorship, Junior Baseball, the High School oratorical contest, Junior Drum and Bugle Corps, and a half dozen other groups, all ranking high in their respective divisions. These youngsters give a touch of lively gayety to the club houses when they assemble for meetings or for play.

Chairman Walter Coling displays the framed roster of the 150-member blood donor group with a charted record of its more than 400 transfusions, direct and for the bank. Manager John T. Tighe expands when he mentions that the basketball team won the Onondaga County Legion League championship last season in its first year of play, and that his sensational Junior Baseball team, after winning title after title, lost the Department championship to Garden City by a score of 1 to 0.

There's the band, the senior and junior drum and bugle corps, all title winners in their classes, but the outfit that is best known to the Legion, and to the public at large for that matter, is the Syracuse Legion Chorus. This group has held the Legion national top title since 1936, successfully defending its high place in seven competitions; its songs have been beamed the world around on all major radio chains, and it has the distinction of being the first large group to be televised. In personal appearance under Director John T. Clough the Chorus has sung its way from coast to coast.

Then there's bowling. Just mention the game and settle back for a bit of ear-bending, for this is the bowlingest outfit in the east and, census figures lacking, maybe in all the Legion. At least a lot of the enthusiasts in Syracuse like to think so. More than 400 of its members are enrolled in a 60-team league, rolling their games on their own twelve alleys. These facilities are badly strained when the six-team league of the Auxiliary and the casuals are added to the list.

The bowling league was organized in 1923 and is now in its 25th season, but it still has some of the original members and among them is Jacob Guidi, who is nominated as the Legion's champion for persistence and play. During that quarter of a century Legionnaire Guidi has never missed a game (point No. 1), and has bowled more than 2,200 league games (point No. 2). Editor Phil Perkins, of the Post's *Legionnaire*, insists that Guidi cut short his honeymoon in order to hurry back to league bowling.

The city of Syracuse is itself Legion-minded. A gigantic American Legion emblem worked out by the use of some 28,000 flowers and plants flames during the summer months on the slope of the reservoir hill park as the city's tribute to its dozen Legion Posts—a bright and colorful tribute to service, worth and merit. THE END

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THE WORLD OVER



## SEEING AMERICA WITH A FISHING ROD

(Continued from page 24)

fish and has forbidden its exportation to other states and countries—although Wyoming advertises that it has some. You find goldens chiefly in streams and lakes between 10,000 and 11,000 feet, in water so cold you wonder how any fish could survive in it. The Kern River watershed is their original habitat. Good fishing spots are South Fork Lake, Upper South Fork Lake, and First Lake on the rock-spined meadow above the falls of Cottonwood Creek.

California, in addition to its 24,000 miles of trout water and about 4,500 stocked lakes, has many other things to attract an angler visitor. The Sierras are Forty-Niner country—Bret Harte and Mark Twain country—filled with romantic history. Among the scenic attractions are Mt. Whitney, highest peak in the United States, Yosemite National Park, and the redwood groves. Concerning your fishing clothing, you should bear in mind that the best spots for goldens are high in the windy, glacier-studded peaks, and that many of them can be reached only by a combination of automobile, horse and foot travel—and dress accordingly. The fishing season opens in July and runs through September 30.

If you are a sun-seeker, Utah, Arizona, Idaho and Nevada add up to your dish. Go out to Reno, Pocatello, Salt Lake City or Phoenix, get yourself a desert rat outfit, and ask the local sporting goods boys where the bass and trout are currently hitting. You shouldn't miss Pyramid Lake, near Reno, where the world's record cutthroat trout, 41 pounds, was taken. Other good bets are Wood River and Blaine

county's (Idaho) meadow-margined Silver Creek, which is becoming nationally famous as a trout stream. Pend Oreille Lake offers superlative rainbow fishing; the record rainbow, 32 pounds 8 ounces, was caught here in 1945, and I hear rumors that a larger one recently was taken from the lake.

You'll find bass and trout in Utah (the record brown trout, 37½ pounds, was taken from Logan River), rainbows and cutthroats in Arizona, plenty of them, and a multitude of picturesque and worthwhile things to see between fishing holes. In Utah there are the Great Salt Lake and Bryce Canyon, in Arizona the annual autumn Hopi snake dance at Oraibi Village, the Painted Desert and the Petrified Forest, and in Nevada lousy, uninhibited Reno (until you've seen moonlight on the Truckee River and visited a Reno night club you haven't seen the west), a part of gaunt, sun-stricken Death Valley and the mirage-hung Funeral Range.

When, moving westward, you come to the coastal slope—the land of big timber and caulk-booted lumberjacks—residents will tell you that a man seeking sport fish need go no further. Here you'll find the powerful chinook salmon, largest American game fish that can be taken in fresh water, the leaping silver salmon, that nonpareil the steelhead, and the rainbow, cutthroat and dolly varden. The names of the west coast streams—Rogue, Elwha, Eel, Umpqua, Chehalis, Klamath—are almost synonymous with western angling. The reach of the Rogue between Gold Beach and Medford probably has more ardent fans than any other run of trout water west of the 100th meridian.

As west coast precipitation often is heavy, it is a good idea to dress as local woodsmen do—wool shirt, water repellant

pants and jacket, and either hobbled or caulked boots. Seattle or Portland outfitters will tog you out in approved style. On the steelhead and salmon streams I would use waders with non-skid boot bottoms because the water here is heavy and in many places the bottom is treacherous. The steelhead rise best to flies after October 15; before this a small spinner fished deep gets results. The Oregon season runs from late April to mid-October, with no closed season on game fish more than twenty inches long; the western Washington season opens late in May and closes early in October, with an extra steelhead season from December through February. If you can make the dates coincide with your visit, you should attend the Pendleton, Ore., Round Up; the Wenatchee, Wash., Apple Blossom Festival, or the Seattle Salmon Derby. I would also cross the Cascades to Mason City for a look at Grand Coulee Dam, the largest of all man-made objects.

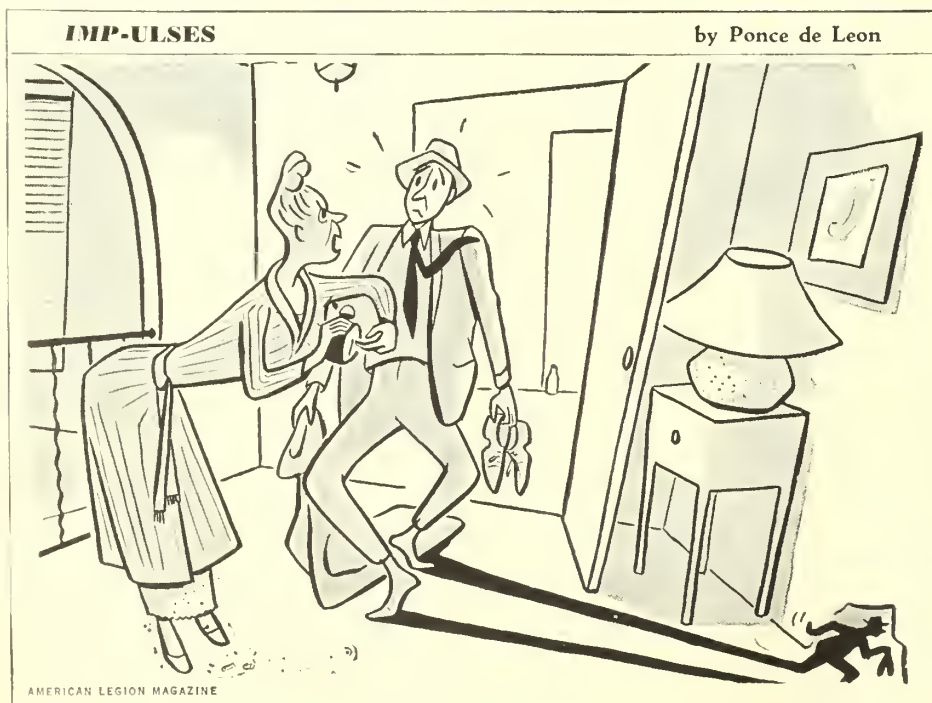
Then, for a climax, and to my way of thinking a very swell climax, there's Alaska. When you have seen Alaska with a fishing rod you'll have been places, done things and caught such fish as anglers dream about. Lake Iliamna is a sure-fire for giant rainbows—up to 33 inches; the streams north of Nome are a-swarm with heavy red and green Arctic trout which Corey Ford and Dan Holland have termed America's most brilliantly colored trout; there are thousands of streams filled with Arctic grayling that'll go up to three pounds; and in the coastal streams of southeastern Alaska there is cutthroat and salmon fishing second to none.

Charter planes are available in all Alaska cities for fishing or sightseeing trips. You'll want to see 20,300-foot Mt. McKinley and the Yukon, make a stage trip north from Fairbanks to witness the annual migration of caribou across the Steese highway, and visit Indians and Eskimo villages. Autumn is the best time to visit Alaska, between August 15 and October 1. Ordinary outdoor clothing will keep you warm and comfortable. You can drive north over the Alcan highway, fly from Seattle, or cruise north by steamship through the beautiful, sheltered Inside Passage.

Good luck to you—and good fishing!

### PART TWO

**THE NORTH WOODS** by Gordon MacQuarrie • Michigan, Minnesota, Ontario, Wisconsin. Let's call this fishing country the Middle North. Fish every day in a different lake and if you live to be a million you can tell the neighbors you fished in half of Ontario's lakes. Minnesota claims 11,000 lakes, Wisconsin 6,000 and neither state is counting tiny pothole lakes. Besides, there are brooks, creeks and rivers beyond counting. Wisconsin alone





has 8,000 charted miles of trout streams. Taking the major areas alphabetically:

Michigan, where the bait caster's plug was born, is currently hogging the rainbow trout records via a fall season in which the big ones come into running water from Lake Michigan. The hottest big rainbow fishing in the Middle North nowadays is in September, October and November in the St. Mary's river rapids at the Soo.

Michigan, with a third the inland water area of Wisconsin, long ago gave up trying to encourage muskellunge and concentrated on panfish, bass and pike. Fred A. Westerman, fisheries director, has been a pioneer in a program which calls for lots of bites for lots of people. One of the state's better bass streams is the Paint river. The Presque Isle, also in the upper peninsula is good. Huge Lake Gogebic has been a problem child. Seining has proven it has plenty of walleyes, but they are hard to take. No one knows exactly why.

Crystal Lake, arm of Lake Michigan, gave the upper great lakes their fabulous smelt, from a planting in 1912. They bred by the billions, slumped sharply in 1943 and are now increasing fast again. Michigan-Wisconsin smelt jamborees, in early spring, constitute one of the great sports fishing spectacles of the nation. They are seined out of streams at night with dip nets, gunny sacks, tin buckets, bird cages. The little rascals are all over Lake Superior now.

Minnesota has three times the inland water area Wisconsin has. It is the great wall-eyed pike and the northern pike area of the continent below the international border. Kabetogama, Crane, Leach, Big Sandy, Mille Lac are a few Minnesota wall-eye standouts. I have caught and released northern pike on Caribou Lake, near the border, by the hundreds in one day.

Some of Minnesota's best bass fishing is within 30 miles of Minneapolis. Fish poles lashed to car tops are standard equipment in Minnesota. Each spring, in the city limits of Duluth, rainbow trout are taken from the Lester river. At one point in Lester park crowds gather to watch big rainbows try to leap a 12-foot waterfall. When one makes it the crowd cheers like a bunch of football fans.

Lake trout (*cristivomer namaycush*) called land-locked salmon in northern Minnesota, draw thousands to the northern waters before the snow is off the ground. The upper Mississippi, state boundary, provides unusual bass and wall-eye fishing, little known to visitors who prefer northern lakes with their piney shores.

Ontario found out about its 2,000,000 lakes through aerial mapping. Some have never had a boat on them. The Chapleau Game Preserve, inaccessible by auto, has brook trout fishing that is out of this world. One day last spring on a lake with-

out a name, 20 miles from Chapleau, I caught and released brookies by the score. It's no feat. Anyone, using any fly or lure can do it on such waters.

Island-studded Lake of the Woods and surrounding lakes are the mecca of the big time muskellunge fishermen. New areas are opening. The trans-Canada highway between Geraldton and Hearst, 133 miles, was finished during the war, now finds fishermen using it to get to unfished lakes and streams. Lookinto Lake, right beside the trans-Canada, east of Geraldton, has so many brook trout they are resorting to cannibalism. Almost every one taken lacks part of a fin. The famous Nipigon river still holds the world brook trout record, still turns up monster trout to the fisherman prepared to face its swift water.

The airplane is opening up those Ontario waters. Scores of charter planes are moving sports fishermen back in there. Last spring I flew into a lake with a pilot from Sudbury who, in one week, grossed \$1660 flying fishermen. The provincial government is thoroughly aware of the recreational value of the waters, and makes liberal lake frontage offers to Americans who will build summer homes.

In Wisconsin the muskellunge paves roads, builds schools and pays the teacher's salary. Wisconsin rates its recreational industry at \$200,000,000 annually, calls it the second biggest business in the state, with dairy farming first, manufacturing third. Its famous Brule river, in Douglas county, has been fished by Presidents Cleveland, Coolidge and Hoover. Gen. Ike Eisenhower fished it last August.

The 66-mile long Brule is a calendar artist's dream come true. The nearby St. Croix river was described by Irvin S. Cobb in the early 20's as the best small-mouth bass stream he ever fished. It still draws the bass fisherman who wants hard, tough fish from moving water. Over east off the Door County Peninsula small-mouths are taken in great numbers, usually by still fishing with night crawlers in deep water.

Only Ontario, in the world, can match muskie fishing with Wisconsin. Last May 17 a 64½ pounder came out of a small lake on the Lac du Flambeau reservation. It may become the world record muskie, to replace a smaller one caught near Detroit several years ago. The muskie fishing clan is fanatical. Many bitten by the muskie bug spend plenty trying for a record. Pelican, Vieux Desert, Grindstone, Court de Oreille are famous lakes in the muskie angler's book. The crappie in Wisconsin is a problem. The state has requests for removal of crappies by seining for more than 300 lakes. Local people want them removed to make room for bass, walleyes. Yet, crappies on a fly rod are a choice dish.

In the entire picture of the Middle North the trend is farther north. Pelican lake in



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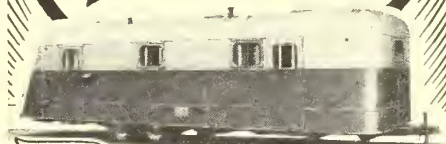
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Wisconsin was passed up for years by muskie fishermen thinking it not far enough north. It's a funny business—and a sprawling one. Once a Wisconsin fisheries superintendent was asked where he thought the most fish were caught in the state, year in, year out.

"Off the government pier at Milwaukee," he replied.

### PART THREE

**NEW ENGLAND AND THE MARITIME PROVINCES** by Ray P. Holland • Wherever you find folks you find fishermen. The most densely populated section of our fair land is the northeastern seaboard, and you'll find the most fishermen where you find the most people. Don't feel sorry for these boys in the crowded East.



They catch fish and they have fun in the doing.

Even right up against New York City they take fish from the badly polluted Hudson. There are times when the striped bass fishing there is better than good. On the other side of Manhattan bottom fishermen get food and fun yanking in flounders, while just to the north of the city, the man who knows how can get good trout and black bass fishing. I have fished for bass from here to there and one of the best day's bass fishing I ever had up till now was on a New York City reservoir just north of White Plains—as beautiful a body of water as ever laid outdoors. George Knox and I saved eight smallmouths which was all we wanted to keep. The smallest fish in the lot weighed a shade over two and a half pounds.

New England is a heavily wooded country and it is cut up and crisscrossed with brooks and rivers and well dotted with

lakes. There are fish in all of them. Now I can't imagine a fisherman coming from Montana or Minnesota for most of this fishing, but rabid anglers come clear from California to catch big squaretails in Maine and I once met a man there from Sweden—and he was having fun.

There are individuals who just sit and fidget in the early spring waiting to hear that the ice has gone out of the Mirimichi. Then they head straight for New Brunswick. These fellows will tell you that there is no other thrill that equals the smashing strike of the Atlantic salmon. Spring salmon are black salmon, fish that have been in the river all winter. In most streams they are sluggish, emaciated fish with little life, called slinks. In the famous Mirimichi they are good fish and often fight as well as a bright salmon fresh from the sea.

Some folks won't admit this and I am not seeking an argument. I've seen a black salmon come out of water thirteen times and have caught bright salmon that only jumped once.

By the end of May or early June some bright fish have entered the mouths of the rivers and in late summer when the waters are low and clear the dry fly fisherman has his innings. Many of the best streams in New Brunswick are privately controlled but the unattached fisherman can find open waters and good ones and he can catch all the small eastern brook trout anyone would want.

Some folks prefer Nova Scotia for salmon where all streams are open. Just ride along the coast line and try out the different rivers—any time from the first of June through the summer. And catch brookies if you prefer trout, catch them in any of the smaller streams. You'll find lakes and ponds full of fish. You'll like the people.

They are friendly and will treat you right, and feed you lobster until you tire of it.

One day we saw a sign, "Lobsters 75¢ a dozen." It worried us. We were sure something must be wrong. It was poorly lettered and we concluded it was a joke or the man who wrote it didn't have all his buttons. Several days later my partner approached a native fisherman along the shore. "Up the coast we saw a sign offering lobsters at seventy-five cents a dozen, that can't be right, can it?"

The old fellow rubbed his chin a time or two and then replied, "No, sir, I don't think it is. We can't get that much for 'em down here."

You can go clear on to Cape Breton or take a boat over to Prince Edward Island and have fishing fun all the time, but you don't have to go out of the United States to catch Atlantic salmon—if you're lucky. Maine has a couple of salmon rivers but they are heavily fished by men who know how and good catches don't come too often.

However, when you are talking about eastern brook trout Maine can produce—and bigger fish than I have ever seen in the Provinces.

Maine is just full of trout and she also boasts good bass fishing for the fellow who prefers spiny fish. Furthermore, she has land-locked salmon that will tingle your back and make your hand shake until you can't tie on another fly to replace the one that a fish just snatched.

Maine is well splattered with lakes, generally called ponds, and a fisherman can have a good time on most of them. As an example there's Pierce Pond which lies on top a mountain, east of the Kennebec and north of Bingham. You have to walk in or rather walk up. They set you across the river and you climb. Your duffel goes up on the back of a horse that has to be part goat. They say it is only three miles. Don't believe that. But when you get there, man!

On top are three separate lakes hooked together by water. If you can be there when the big may-flies are hatching you'll never forget it. Great brookies with little heads and small tails will gobble your fan-winged royal coachman, and the scales will dip to five pounds or better for the best of them. I know where there is a ledge of rocks with deep water close in. Land-locks cruise by in the evening. You can stand flat-footed and put your dry fly out ahead of a feeding fish and then hold your breath. My wife caught one that weighed around nine pounds. Of course, I maintain that was luck. I never did get one that large.

New Hampshire and Vermont have their brookies and they have stocked both browns and rainbows. The White River in Vermont has done well by me in the past and, of course, there is the Batten Kill. Rhode Island has trout and bass and Connecticut furnishes the fisherman plenty



of sport. Don't think there aren't some good trout in the Housatonic, and the lower reaches of the stream where it is dammed for power purposes has both large and small-mouthed bass and pickerel.

Massachusetts offers the Hoosick, and the Kankapot and if you like fat, bright-colored brookies and are good enough to fool them in crystal clear water, try the Green River. You can catch bass and good ones in a couple of stone throws from Boston.

The cruising fisherman will do well to give some of his time to the Ausable in northern New York. It takes an able-bodied and fearless man to wade certain stretches of the West Branch, but big browns and rainbows lurk behind the rocks where the going is toughest. The East Branch is a gentlemanly stream but the fishing isn't as good.

Of course, there are the world-famous Beaverkill and Neversink and the countless other streams that carry good fish through the Adirondacks and the Catskills and in New York lakes there are both kinds of bass, pike and pickerel and even muskellunge. New Jersey through a system of planting mature fish furnishes good fishing in streams that are perhaps the heaviest fished of any waters in this country, and the mountain streams of Pennsylvania now carry both native and stocked trout.

For the fisherman who likes to sit and wait, there are pan fish in most of the waters of most of the eastern states—sun-fish, white and yellow perch and crappie—big ones. On one of my lucky days I took a 2½ pound crappie on a spinner fly from an Adirondack lake. The fisherman who can drive where he pleases, fishing as he goes, will find plenty to remember.

THE END



March, 1948

## WHAT ABOUT THOSE SPRINGFIELD RIFLES?

(Continued from page 25)

accepted, the applicant must be a member of the National Rifle Association. Membership costs \$3 per year and includes a subscription to their magazine, *The American Rifleman*.

Thousands of readers will doubtless want to know why they must join the N.R.A. before being permitted to purchase a rifle. The answer is simple: An Act of Congress requires it. The N.R.A. was founded in 1871 and has been the most active force in America since then in promoting shooting activities. It works directly with the Armed Forces in developing shooting ranges, courses and matches. The War Department has always relied upon the N.R.A. as an outlet for arms to law-abiding and responsible citizens, since its membership requirements are strict and its activities are carefully and intelligently supervised by paid field staffs. Incidentally, the organization is non-profit. Remember that Congress passed the act in question before the Legion was born.

What rifles can be purchased from the Director of Civilian Marksmanship through the N.R.A.? The following list covers all available at this time:

(1) M 1903 (Springfield) and M 1917 (Enfield) rifles classed as "unserviceable." These cost \$15 and \$5 respectively plus packing and shipping charges. These rifles *have not been inspected* due to lack of Ordnance personnel to do the work. Most of the specimens we have seen have been in fair condition, but all require checking by a competent gunsmith before being used. Rifles may be badly beaten up and have poor bores, but if headspace is correct they may be safely used or may be converted into fine sporting rifles. Remember that the .30-06 cartridge develops a breech pressure of almost 50,000 pounds per square inch when fired in a rifle. If headspace limits are bad either way, that pressure may wreck the rifle and you. So if you buy one of these, spend the few dollars necessary to have the action looked over and the headspace checked by an expert.

The action (the receiver and bolt mechanism) of either a Springfield or an Enfield can be fitted, barreled and stocked to make an excellent sporting or target rifle in a wide variety of calibers. Such alterations run from about \$25 up. Gunsmiths are currently paying more for the actions alone than the War Department is asking for the "unserviceable" rifles. A used Springfield action at \$15 or a used Enfield action at \$5 is on an average the biggest gun bargain you are ever going to see. To prevent commercialization, the War Department is limiting sale as follows: Starting from 1945, each member of the N.R.A. may purchase not more than

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one Enfield, one Springfield (either serviceable or unserviceable) and one Springfield M 1903-A-3.

(2) The second class of rifles available is M 1903 (Springfield) "serviceable." These rifles have been used, but have all been inspected by Ordnance personnel and headspace has been correctly adjusted. This class sells for \$30. This model is the early manufacture with all parts machined. When in good condition it is rated better than later manufacture by most competent shooters, being generally better fitted and gauged. All receiver numbers are high, guaranteeing that the action has been double heat treated or is of nickel steel. (Note: Early numbers rifle receivers, meaning those under 800,000 made at Springfield and those under 285,507 made at Rock Island, indicate receivers considered risky for use with modern ammunition. The War Department does not sell these low number receivers. However, some were rebuilt from salvage by gunsmiths. No shooter should buy one except on the direct recommendation of a thoroughly competent gunsmith who has tested the specimen).

Judged by today's prices, these "serviceable" M 1903's are an excellent value for the money. They can, of course, be converted to sporter types if desired.

(3) This class is listed officially as M 1903-A-3 "new or slightly used." These are priced at \$50 each without distinction—you take whichever one they send you.

These rifles are of late manufacture, Springfield type. Many of the non-critical parts are stampings instead of machinings as used on the M 1903. Finish is not as good as on earlier manufacture.

By today's standards these rifles are well worth the price. Gun cranks generally may prefer to buy the Class 2 type and spend the difference barreling or dressing it up, as they quite frankly don't con-

sider the A-3 an outstanding bargain. The average shooter, however, can't go wrong on buying an M 1903-A-3.

### Price Comparisons

The cheapest plain Winchester Model 70 to handle the .30-06 cartridge retails for about \$106, and steps up to about \$195. Added engraving or special features can run the cost up as high as you care to go, and \$1,500 is not uncommon.

Johnson rifles built on Mauser actions in this caliber run from \$190 to \$200 retail. The Custom Gun Department of Johnson Automatics, Providence, R. I., will rebuild an Enfield or Springfield at costs varying from \$26 to \$177.50. There are equally competent gunsmiths in all parts of the country who can alter or convert these rifles in that price range or higher.

These representative figures will let you judge whether you consider the War Department rifles a bargain from your personal standpoint, and if you wish to make a sporter out of yours. Rifles at the prices quoted are a good buy today. Commercial rifle prices are very high, but while labor costs stay high rifle prices cannot come down very much. Hence we can consider here only the military and souvenir class from the standpoint of outstanding current value.

Incidentally, if you have a souvenir foreign rifle you wish to have converted, the cost is about the same as for a Springfield. Late model Japanese rifles as a class are not considered worth the cost and trouble of converting.

The following quotation is from a current catalog issued by H. G. Young of Kearney, N. J. Harold Young, as many Legionnaires know, is a salty character, a shrewd appraiser with an excellent sense of honest values, and probably the largest used military and antique gun dealer in the country today.

"The collector who wants to collect arms of the first and second World Wars and thinks that he can start in a few years from now is going to find that he has waited too long. Except for certain models of Japanese rifles the supply is drying up. Remember that the kids of 15 and 16 years of age would love to have this stuff, they have no money, *but* those same kids will be 20 and 21 in another five years. They will be working and will have some

### We're Deluged!

So many of our readers have been writing to us in response to W. H. B. Smith's articles that we ask your forbearance if there is a delay in getting an answer. We are doing our best to handle your inquiries but it takes time to reply to the many hundreds of letters being received.

dough and then they will go for this stuff like hot cakes. This is going to create a demand market such as there was in 1925-6 etc. when things went to a point where a French Lebel (originally worth about \$8) brought as high as \$60. Wake up before the kids heat you to it."

Now I'll never sponsor Harold Young's grammar. He himself tells his critics, "I write gun catalogs. If you want to study English go to night school, don't criticize my catalog." But I will sponsor his opinions on values. If you buy an Enfield or Springfield now, and keep it in good condition, in five years it will bring a lot more than Uncle Sam is asking you for it today. If you hold on to any Mausers you have, that also applies.

Just one word of warning: If you order a rifle, don't expect fast delivery. The war is over and we are "saving" money again. As a result the Ordnance Department is currently short of skilled help. It may take some time to process your order.

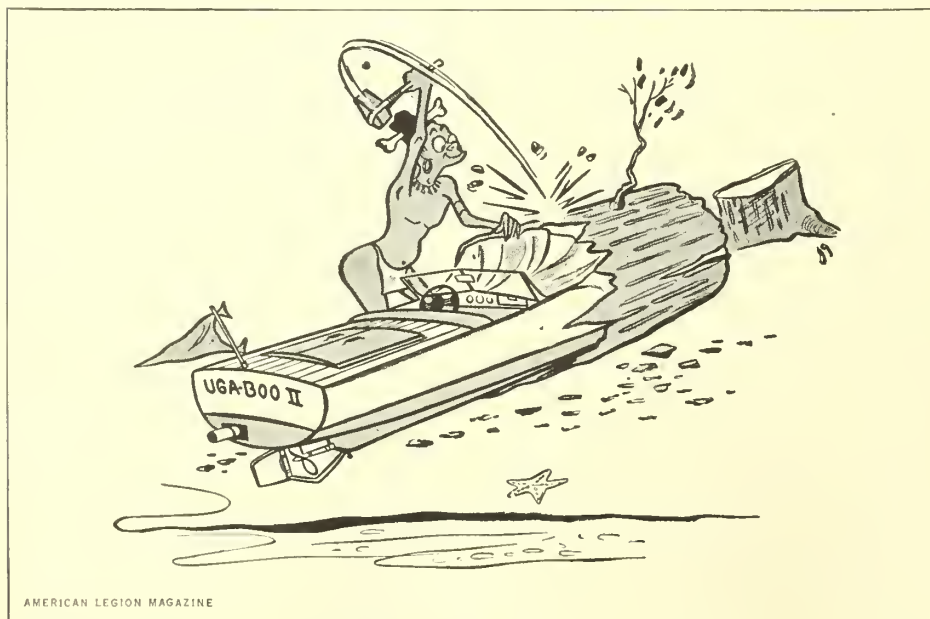
### Believe It Or Not

Shortly before War I a vaudeville "artist" in Germany developed a gun to be fired from the mouth. This gadget was actually carried to a limited degree by German intelligence agents in both wars!

The theory was that the agent would pass through an inspection or searching line with the "Mundschussapparat" concealed in his mouth. As he neared someone he was assigned to assassinate, the agent was to work the gadget forward in his mouth until the very short barrel protruded. By clamping his teeth down on a trigger in the circular receiver, he could fire a short .32 caliber cartridge directly into the face of his victim.

Needless to say, this pistol requires perfect teeth, a lot of confidence, and not very much common sense. It certainly proves that all the Buck Rogers and Rube Goldbergs don't live in the U. S. A.!

THE END





## THEY GANGED UP TO GET HOUSING

(Continued from page 19)

mentary stamps, paper, mimeographing and phone calls.

Operating under the GI Bill of Rights, the vets obtained a construction loan of \$500,000 from the County Trust Company of White Plains, which co-financed the project with the First Federal Savings and Loan Association of New York. Each member borrowed \$11,000, payable at 4 percent interest.

At first the veterans considered single type dwellings. Then John C. Merritt, 32-year-old president of the group and a former Army captain, suggested a housing project. He felt, and his colleagues readily agreed, that such a project offered many advantages. Primarily, it meant that costs would be sharply reduced.

One real estate speculator offered the vets two acres of eight he owned at \$10,000 an acre. When the vets showed their willingness to buy, the realtor withdrew his offer and informed them that they would have to buy all eight acres. They turned thumbs down on the deal and set out to find another site. Next they found a parcel of land adjacent to a fine residential section and filed an application for re-zoning. This move met with such stiff opposition from residents of the vicinity that the vets, convinced they were faced with hopeless odds, withdrew their application and renewed their search.

At this point Mr. and Mrs. Benno Elkan, owners of five and a half acres of unimproved land, entered the picture. The Elkans, whose daughter was in the armed forces during the war years, sympathized with the vets and very magnanimously contributed the building site, which was assessed at \$21,500 and had been priced in the current market at \$40,000. The veterans were quick to grasp this opportunity and expressed their appreciation by naming their project after the Elkans.

Still the battle was far from won. Once again the vets had to file application for re-zoning, this time with the Town of Mamaroneck in which the Village of Larchmont is located. Again they met with opposition. A neighbor now only a few doors distant filed a petition containing names of fifty other residents of the area who objected to having their vicinity changed from a residential district to a multiple dwelling district. The residents protested that their homes would be lowered in value if the proposed project were approved. The local newspaper, which supported the vets throughout their fight, received several letters from misinformed people who wanted no "shanties with one coat of paint" or "riff raff" in their town.

Despite these dissenting voices, the Town Board authorized amendments to the zoning ordinance, creating a new type

district. Whereupon a spokesman for the veterans asked the Town to install a 600-foot road and sewerage system. Seven months later, after the Town Councilmen had investigated the matter, the expenditure was authorized at a cost of \$43,000.

Throughout the campaign the vets received encouragement from various civic and realty groups. Both Republicans and Democrats also backed the project. But other headaches bobbed up to torment the vets. Material costs increased, two labor strikes put a temporary halt to progress and the gas heating concern jumped its price \$50.00 a unit. This caused a few families to back out, but their places were quickly filled.

One realtor offered the vets \$50,000 (a profit of \$1,000 per family) to turn the project over to him. The former service men declined the offer, saying it was housing and not profits they were seeking. Individuals offered the corporation's officers fat bonuses to gain entry to the group. They too were refused.

Ground for the project was broken in November, 1946. Nine months later the first families moved in. In the meantime, the group held monthly meetings in a local auditorium and was kept informed of the latest developments by a weekly news letter.

The Board of Directors made all decisions concerning the awarding of contracts and obtained drastic price reductions on household items, including furniture, for the group. All this work, of course, was done after office hours. Most of the members work in the midtown Manhattan area and all but two were married at the time. On occasions they spent as many as seven nights a week working on the project. But they feel it was worth it.

Today, comfortably settled in their homes, Merritt, Kohler and Brush are glad that they and the others in their organization saw the thing through. Now they hope their Larchmont Plan can be put into operation in many other communities.

THE END



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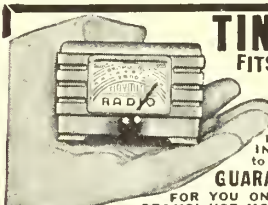


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HINTS FROM AMERICA'S  
BEST DRESSED MAN

## Common Sense in Suits

*Some do's and don't's about the  
most important part of a man's  
wardrobe, with some pointers as to how many suits and  
what kind you should have*

By ADOLPHE MENJOU

WHILE all things are important in a well-groomed appearance, the basis of the entire wardrobe is the suit. Shoes can be correct and highly polished; tie and shirt can be perfect in every detail; accessories can be of good quality and in perfect taste—but if the suit is not right, the entire effect is ruined.

Man's suits must fit well, must blend with his physical make-up, and must be well pressed.



Light blue  
chalk stripe  
in worsted  
by Timely  
Clothes



Stripe and herringbone combination, Hart  
Schaffner & Marx

Otherwise he'll look like a tramp from any angle.

It doesn't matter whether your suits are custom-made or not, but insist upon perfect fit. Don't permit baggy pants. Don't permit sloppy shoulders. Don't permit droopy coats. If it takes a dozen alterations to get the correct fit, then insist upon a dozen.

Also, insist upon suits that fit your physical appearance. For instance, vertical stripes will make a short man look taller; checks will not accentuate the height of a tall man; a double-breasted coat will cover a lot of



Clear cut  
sharkskin  
by Botany  
"500"  
Brand

pouch of the fat man; padded shoulders will make the sickly appear strong.

Never wear tight fitting suits. They not only are uncomfortable, but they look like hell. Styles do not change enough in a score of years ever to be noticeable, so never be afraid of stocking up on suits when you run across bargain prices. If the suits are good, and if they are not worn constantly, they'll last a long time. Furthermore, they will be as good ten years from now as they are today.

Never split suits. That is, never wear pants of one suit with the coat of another. Some people do this, it is true. But the fact is, they are just as wrong as if they wore a brown shoe on foot and a black shoe on the other foot.

The pocketbook and man's position are often the gauges for suit buying. But with suits, as with all other items of men's clothing, there is a minimum. I do not see how a man can get along with less than three suits. There must be two for alternate wearing while one is at the cleaners. My recommendation for the three-suit man is one blue, one brown and one gray. The blue should not be serge as that collects too much lint and becomes shiny too quickly. But a dark and plain blue suit is good for any occasion from weddings to funerals from board meetings to poker sessions. Such a blue suit, with black shoes, black socks, white shirt and a conservative dark tie can even substitute for



the more formal tuxedo if necessary.

The brown suit can be almost any shade of brown. The gray one should be dark and plain. As to weight, be guided by your climate.

These three suits do not have to be so plain that they are without any design, but if they are all you have they most certainly should be conservative. A safe design, always in good taste, is a narrow pin or chalk stripe.

If you buy a tuxedo, get black or a blue that is so deep that it looks black. I've seen light blue, brown and gray dinner clothes, but then, in my opinion, they cease to be dinner clothes. Instead, they are ways that show-offs have of attracting attention rather than in being well groomed. I've also seen proper dinner clothes ruined by the wearing of a maroon tie. That, too, is a means of showing off. A tuxedo is a tuxedo and there are no variations in style or color. Of course there are different weights, different types of materials, and different types of lapels, but they are basically the same—and are black and worn with white shirt, turned down white collar, turned back cuffs with links, black bow tie, black suspenders, black socks, black shoes, white handkerchief and, if you wear a flower, a deep red carnation.

The full dress, too, must not be varied. Otherwise it ceases to be full dress. The material must be black; the tie must always be a white bow; the flower must never be anything other than a white carnation; the handkerchief must be white; and the shirt must be well starched.

Very few men need either dinner clothes or full dress. Since both represent considerable investment, it is sometimes best to be content with renting them when needed.

On a visit to Chicago in 1919 I saw a man enter the hotel dining room in a dinner jacket with blue polka-dot tie and brown shoes. He was one of the town's gangsters who obviously didn't know one form of dress from another and thought that to be formal he had to be conspicuous.

If you want a sports jacket, I suggest Scotch woolen, Harris tweed or Lewis tweed. For tennis or yachting, wear white flannel trousers with the jacket. For all other purposes, wear only gray flannels. And never wear your sports combination except while engaging in sports or for country wear. The only exceptions are when you are in California or Florida. That last sentence might sound odd, but it just so happens that what is said for California or Florida doesn't necessarily apply to the rest of the country. These two States are playgrounds and, because of so much play in the warm climate, their people have fallen into informal habits which are not correct by any standard.

Since men's suits are the favorite item on the menu of moths, take time to buy a few camphor balls to put into suits and closets. When you want to use the clothing, hang it out in the air for a while and the odor will disappear. Even if it doesn't entirely disappear, it still isn't offensive.

THE END

## When a feller needs a favor



**Y**our organization has offered to help in every way possible the recruiting for the Army and Air Force. Here are some features of Air Force enlistment you can explain to a young man you may have in mind.

If he is not a high school graduate, but 18 to 34 and physically and mentally qualified, he may enlist right now. Once in the Air Force, he may take courses under the U. S. Armed Forces Institute to complete his high school education. And, if he is then between 20½ and 28, he can apply for Officer Candidate School.

If he is a high school graduate: he can enlist for three years and select and be accepted for a Specialist School *before he enlists!* He can apply for Officer Candidate School. Or after completing two years of college courses under the Armed Forces Institute, if he is then single and between 20 and 26½ years old, he may become eligible for Aviation Cadet training.

If he has had two years of college or the equivalent: he is eligible for all of the foregoing choices or may apply *immediately* for Aviation Cadet pilot training.

If he is a Veteran of any of the Armed Forces, and held one of the 300 occupational specialties now needed, he can enlist for three years in a grade commensurate with experience and ability. He may receive a grade as high as Technical Sergeant.

Every day, a young man near you comes of age. Will you do him a favor? The Recruiting Officer will be glad to assist.

### U. S. ARMY AND U. S. AIR FORCE RECRUITING SERVICE

Your Army and Air Force Serve the Nation and Mankind in War and Peace



## Ode To Treasury Department

The Ides of March are over,  
And now I can relax;  
I've met my obligations,  
I've paid my income tax.

Though Junior doesn't know it,  
He raised the wherewithal;  
For his Piggy Bank was Peter,  
And Uncle Sam was Paul.

—By Burge Buzzelle

## Who's You?

A lonely little corporal sat disconsolately on his cot one steamy evening in New Guinea. His girl had just written giving him the brush-off, and demanding the return of her picture. The corporal, Johnny, had become tentatively engaged to her in Ft. Bragg, at the end of a whirlwind courtship of five weeks.

"Cheer up, we'll fix that babe," one of his tent-mates declared. They thought up a plan and finally sold Johnny on it. About a month later the corporal's fair-weather girl friend received a package from him with an attached letter. It courteously asked:

"Will you please pick out your picture and return the rest? I'm sorry but I can't seem to recall which one is you." The package included an assortment, collected by Johnny's friends, of nearly a hundred pictures of girls of all descriptions, dressed and otherwise, and buried among them was *her* picture as supplied by sad-eyed Corporal Johnny.

—By W. A. Dixon

## House And Guardian

She may well resort to some other  
Dire threat when we're having a fuss,  
But she cannot go live with her mother—  
Her mother is living with us!

—By Richard Armour

## Tip-Off On Marriage

A minister advertised for a handy man and the next morning a neat young man rang the bell.

"Can you start the fire and have breakfast ready by seven o'clock?" asked the minister.

The young man thought he could.

"Can you polish all the silver, wash the dishes and keep the house and grounds neat and tidy?" was the next question.

"Look, Reverend," protested the young man. "I came here to see about getting married, but if it's going to be anything like that, you can count me out right now!"

—By T. J. McInerney

## Brief Biog

Mary was a plain girl,  
Modest as a wren.  
Men looked at Mary  
And didn't look again.

—By Ethel Jacobson

## Doggone Right

The coach was very crowded, so when a young mother with her baby got on a soldier gallantly rose and offered her his seat. But another woman slyly slid into the vacated

seat, leaving the mother still standing. "I beg pardon, ma'am," the soldier said, "but I meant for this girl and her baby to have my seat."

The other woman snorted a little, but wouldn't budge. "It's every dog for himself these days," she said.

"Ma'am," retorted the soldier, "except for the slight but important matter of gender, your observation is wholly correct."

—By Anna Faye



## Revised Version

There are delegates plenty, and well known to fame,

Who come from a-near and afar,  
But no one can slow down the old UNO  
Like Ivan Vishinsky Skovar. . . .

He denounces as foes all the gents who oppose  
His views about Greece or the Saar;  
As a vain proselyte of Much Heat and No  
Light,  
Here's to Ivan Vishin-ky Skovar.

—By Owen Travis

## The Man Said "Smoke"

It is traditional at Marine Corps camps to give platoons being drilled smoking periods at regular intervals, and at Parris Island, S. C.,

Sgt. Charles C. Allen had given his third such break of the day when one of the recruits approached him.

"Sir," he said, "I smoked up two cigarettes all right but I just can't smoke this third one."

"Well, what do you want to smoke for if it bothers you?" the sergeant quizzed.

"Why, sir, I thought we *had* to during smoking periods," explained the recruit.

—By Harold Heljer

## Perennial Juvenile

Most of my organs once trusty  
Don't function as well as of yore.  
For aged, decrepit and rusty,  
Each creaks as it goes through its chore.  
And thus I am somewhat confused to  
Discover my silly, old tongue  
Wagging away like it used to,  
When I, now a gaffer, was young.

—By John Graham

## Them What Has Keeps

Six-year-old Raymond and I went to the country to spend a few days with relatives. Men were working in the fields so Uncle John asked Raymond if he would carry some water to them. This he did. On his second trip out Uncle John said, "Just one more, son, and I'll give you a nickel."

Raymond looked as if he didn't think that was very big wages but, for politeness' sake, continued to haul the water.

On his return, Uncle John took from his pocket an old-fashioned pocket book, opened it and squinted inside. "Well son," he said at last, "I thought I had a nickel but I guess I haven't. But I'll remember you."

Raymond started to leave the room, thought it over and came back. "Look again, Uncle John," he said. "If you ever had a nickel you must still have it."—By Bertha I. Newton

## Definition

**Tombstone:** About the only thing that has a good word for a feller when he's down. . . .

—By Pete Simer



I knew I shouldn't have let you hang the curtains by yourself!

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE





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